

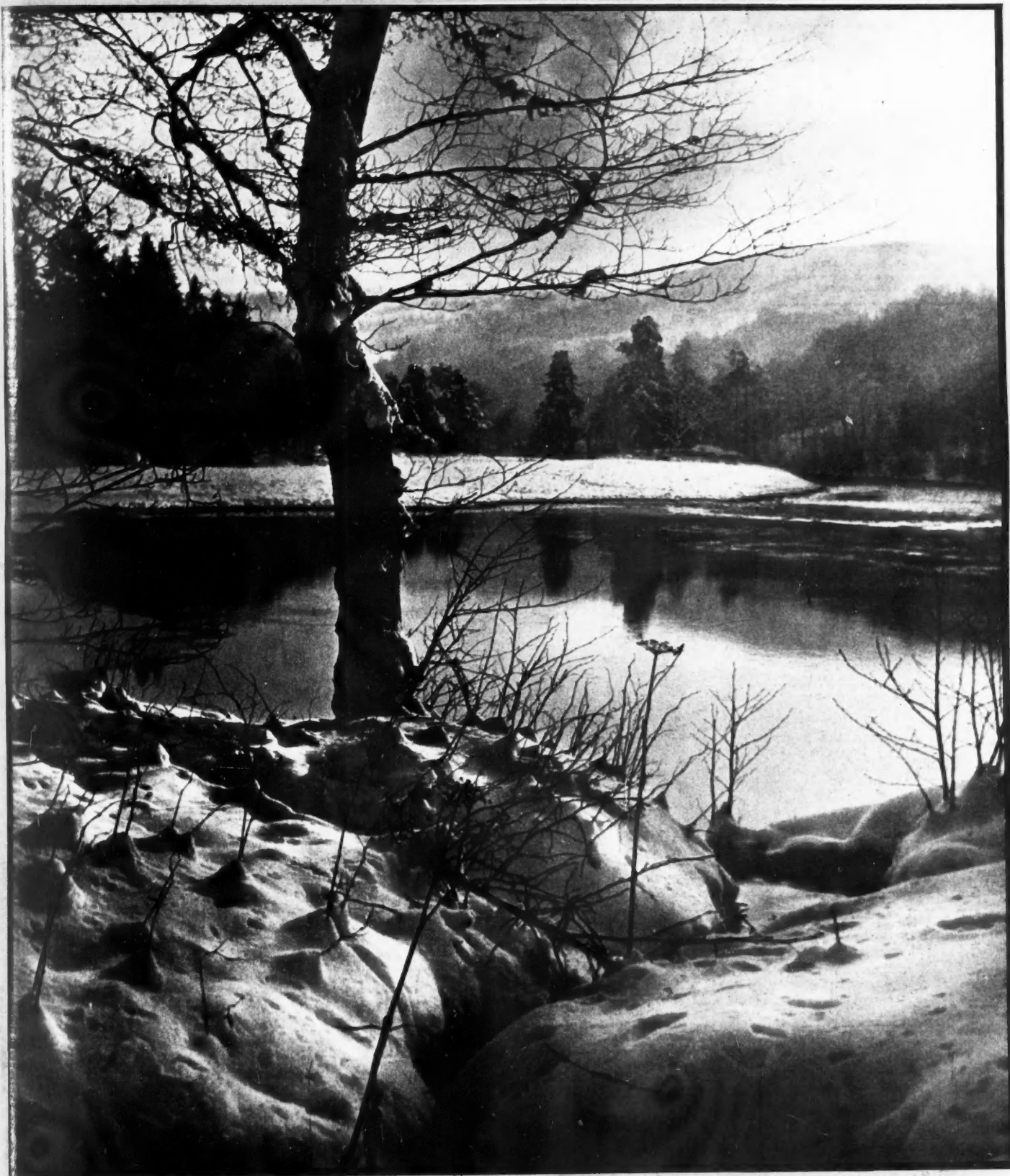
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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CI No. 2609

JANUARY 17, 1947



Bassano

THE HONOURABLE SHIRLEY CUNLIFFE

Miss Cunliffe, who is the elder daughter of the second Baron Cunliffe, will come of age this year. She served in the W.R.N.S. during the war

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE PLANNING BILL

WHATEVER may be thought about the principles adopted in the new Town and Country Planning Bill, there can be no doubt at all as to its importance. The impact of its many provisions on the life of each one of us, and the changes in the face of the country which may be expected to flow from it, if and when it sets a new planning machine in motion, are sufficient to make it one of the most important measures—if not the most important measure—presented to Parliament in this century. That is adequate reason—the highly controversial nature of its expropriation proposals is another—why it should receive the most careful attention of Parliament, and should on no account be rushed through Standing Committees without proper consideration by both Houses. As it is, at least two other major Bills—the Transport and the Electricity Bills—have to be got through this Session, and there is obvious danger that this highly complex and controversial piece of legislation may find its way on to the Statute Book in a thoroughly ill-digested form. It seems a pity in the circumstances that the two other Bills could not have been shelved in its favour, not so much because of this Bill's intrinsic merits, but because some Bill dealing comprehensively with the problems of compensation and betterment is urgently needed as a pre-requisite of reconstruction and redevelopment, and because it is equally urgent to secure the simplification of local planning, and its transfer from a permissive to a compulsory basis.

The sections of the Bill which deal with the last two matters are not likely to cause as much controversy as the others. The Bill codifies existing planning legislation, and repeals the permissive Planning Act of 1932, together with most of the Planning Act of 1944. The preparation of plans will now become obligatory upon all planning authorities, and the number of these is greatly reduced, as in the interests of comprehensive and intelligent planning it obviously should be. Another section of the Bill extends the principle of the 1944 Act, which provided grants to local authorities towards expenditure on the acquisition and clearing of land for the re-development of areas of extensive war damage, to cover "areas of bad lay-out or obsolete development that require to be developed as a whole and areas of derelict land acquired for the purpose of being brought back into use." This means, of course, a very great extension of planning powers and activities on the part of all the new planning authorities.

Obviously it is the proposals with regard to compensation and betterment that will receive the closest scrutiny, and which will excite the greatest hostility. Though in the dis-

cussions during the war of the Uthwatt Committee's Report we have become used to the notion of separating a so-called development value in land from the value it carries in its existing use, and, though the Bill actually nationalises only that speculative development value, the fact will not be lost on the average citizen that it virtually abolishes all freehold in the sense that the property owner will no longer have an automatic right to do what he likes with his land. If the Bill becomes law no change in the existing use of land will in future be possible without permission. Apart from this general principle the feasibility of the Government's scheme will depend a great deal on the equity or inequity of the actual compensation payments made, and the reasonable or unreasonable nature of the State's demands for the return for "betterment." Here there is much obscurity in the Bill. The Government definitely declare their view that loss of development value should carry compensation not of right but only *ex gratia* by way of averting hardship. This seems to suggest all sorts of possibilities of discrimination, but the thorny

TWILIGHT

*D*AY'S dusky shadow, vigil of the night,
In Nature's rhythmic silent beat, a pause—
Changing the cadence, as a player might
Who from soft muted strings his hand withdraws.
HAMILTON DEAN.

problem of distributing the £300,000,000 to be set aside for compensation is apparently to be postponed until a scheme can be prepared by the Treasury after claims have been submitted. As for betterment, Mr. Silkin will no doubt be asked for more precise information regarding the "development charge" which the State is to take "in whole or in part." Both the Bill and the White Paper leave the matter completely vague. Further it will undoubtedly be asked on what basis the global sum of £300,000,000 has been estimated and why, though values are to be ascertained on prices current before January 7, land compulsorily acquired should be paid for at its 1939 value.

EXPERIENCE AND EXPERIMENT

*S*PEAKERS at COUNTRY LIFE's Fiftieth Anniversary Dinner, fully reported on other pages, had many kind things to say about this paper. Some went further and drew the moral which, as we believe our readers appreciate, underlies its weekly exposition of traditional values. Mr. R. A. Butler put it very aptly by comparing tradition to the cement that binds the rough masonry of revolution. This age's task, in the countryside particularly, he said, is to establish the right balance between experience and experiment. He instanced *A Countryman's Notes* as typifying the tradition of English humour which Mr. Harold Nicolson terms the lubricant in this often difficult process. Current cases where balance and lubricant are both needed are numerous enough, and two especially so. Sir Alfred Munnings has called attention to the materialistic folly of planting a pumping station for Clacton in Dedham Vale, the landscape made sacred to the civilised world by Britain's greatest landscape painter. It is perhaps to strain the sense of humour to seek to lubricate this particularly grating idea. Yet is there not something ridiculous in thus debauching a place, for paintings of which national collections have paid £20,000 and £40,000? Which is worth more, the representation or the reality? The ridiculous is obvious in the Ministry of Fuel's bland assertion that Wentworth Woodhouse "when we have finished"—that is, as Lord Fitzwilliam has remarked, ploughed 50 ft. deep through gardens and woods, buried fields under concrete roads, laid low plantations and hedges, and turned an Arcadian landscape into a wilderness—"will be a much better estate." According to its lights the Ministry is presumably doing its best to ease a desperate crisis, for which beauty must be sacrificed. But such hypocrisy is merely silly, and rather nauseous.

"TAKE CARE OF THE LAND"

*A*GRICULTURE deserves eloquence in these days, and Sir George Stapledon, speaking to this toast at the COUNTRY LIFE dinner, was no whit behind Mr. R. A. Butler or Lord Burghley in fervour. In the war years a rift in the dark clouds showed for a moment the great contribution which our own soils can make to feeding the British people, reminding those who could see that we have been the wayward custodians of a patch of the richest land in the world. We are learning how to apply technical progress and mechanisation to the fuller use of the land and this use, married to our sense of good husbandry, need not mean spoliation and soil erosion. But in Sir George Stapledon's words, agriculture is "hamstrung without proper housing for man and beast, housing for supermen and superwomen and for large dairy herds." More housing immediately assured markets and assured prices for five years—that is "five long, grassy rotations"—are his recipe for the "surging rise of efficiency and production" that can best serve the nation by providing more food of good quality and reviving the craftsmanship that was our pride. Only if we take care of the land shall we take care of the spirit of England.

RULES AND UMPIRE

*T*HE new laws of cricket as revised by the Committee of the M.C.C. will, no doubt, be adopted, and in that case will come into force in the summer of 1948. There are no dramatic changes of any kind, but a number of points, such as the distinction between stumped and run-out, have been clarified, and the thrill of a last over will be heightened by the proposal that it shall at the request of either captain be played right out, even though a wicket has fallen after time has been reached. There is a note to the l.b.w. rule that though the height of the point of impact may be above the bails, this is immaterial if the ball would have hit the wicket. Such a note ought to make it clear to all who may need convincing how difficult is the task of the umpire, for he has to make up his mind on the instant on a question which is at best one not of fact but of probability. This is worth emphasising at a moment when there has been much writing, both unwise and ungenerous, about the umpiring in the Test Matches. It is extremely hard on the umpires, for a slur has been cast not merely on their competence—and they may not be faultless—but quite unjustifiably on their honesty. This is deplorable; it has to some extent at least poisoned the atmosphere in which the matches are played, and is unworthy of those traditions of the game on which cricketers have hitherto plumed themselves.

THE ROMAN BATH

*I*T sometimes seems almost a pity that people have such enquiring and iconoclastic minds, and will not leave our beliefs in peace. Thousand of people have been familiar with the signpost in the Strand—it disappeared during the war—showing the way to the Roman Bath. Still more thousands remember that Mr. David Copperfield used to take a plunge there in his fit of youthful energy when he was fighting his way through the forest of difficulty to Dora. Now it turns out not to be Roman at all; at any rate the architects of the L.C.C. and the Ancier Monuments branch of the Ministry of Works think that it belongs only to the sixteenth or seventeenth century. That is a sad come-down, but there is consolation. To whatever date it belongs it would be a pity that the Bath should not be preserved. Mr. Montague Meyer has generously offered to buy it for the National Trust, and it is for Dickensians an agreeable circumstance that his office is in Buckingham Street, where David Copperfield lived under the tyranny of Mrs. Crupp. The National Trust have accepted the offer if some other authority would maintain the Bath, and this the L.C.C. have agreed to do for a period of three years. During that time further researches can be made into its history. It would be delightful if the Romans were to win after all, but in any case we may hope that something so cherished and venerable, with such pleasant associations, will not be lost to London.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THERE has been some comment and lament in the Press lately concerning the continued absence of Stilton, Wensleydale and what are termed the luxury cheeses of other days. Among them was mentioned the Dorset Blue Vinny, which vanished from our tables so long ago that it is doubtful if many readers, except a few old Dorset die-hards, have ever tasted it. I am not an expert on cheese-making, but I think I am right in saying that Blue Vinny was not a luxury super-fatted cheese, and that in the good old days, before "mouse-trap" was introduced to this country, every Dorset farmer's wife made the cheeses required for the family and farm-hands from that plentiful waste product of the dairy, skim-milk. Gallons of this were fed every day to the pigs and calves, and it was only necessary to cut the pig and calf ration slightly for a week or so to provide sufficient skim to make the cheeses required for the whole year.

* * *

THERE were two grades of Blue Vinny, the superior, which was almost in the same class as Stilton, and which was sold at about 8d. or 10d. a pound, and the ordinary, a much drier and rather chalky type, which farm-hands ate in great quantities for their midday meal, and which cost 4d. a pound. I imagine, though I am not certain, that the superior type was made richer by the addition to the ordinary skim of a certain amount of full milk or sour cream. The Dorset Blue Vinny began to disappear from the county with the introduction of milk separators to the farm dairies, the reason being that these machines work too efficiently, for it was just that modicum of cream which the old hand-skimmer missed that was responsible for the colour and rich quality of the cheese. After 1918, which marked the end of an epoch so far as so many useful features of English country life were concerned, the Blue Vinny became almost extinct, but one old-established grocer's shop in Dorchester managed to maintain supplies for a few favoured customers, though every year they were more difficult to obtain, and the county had to be combed to find, among the off-the-map farms at the back of beyond, some aging farmer's wife who was sufficiently old-fashioned to make her own cheeses.

* * *

I REMEMBER that a few years before the 1914-18 war started I was asked to join a very small and select syndicate that was being formed to buy from a farmer's wife, who lived on a farm under Hardy's Egdon Heath near Bere Regis, all the Blue Vinnies she could produce. She was said to be the only maker of Blue Vinnies remaining in the county, and the object of the syndicate was not so much to obtain the delicacies as to keep alive the secrets of a craft that might be revived some day. Unfortunately the syndicate failed because the daughter of the farm married, and the old lady could not carry on the work alone.

It has occurred to me that since there are a number of people graciously permitted to own two or three cows provided they do not draw the milk and butter ration, there must be a quantity of real skim-milk going to waste, for it is most unlikely that the lucky cow-owners are allowed to draw rations for a pig as well. If some Dorset COUNTRY LIFE reader remembers the details of Blue Vinny-making it would be possible to pass on the information to those who are in a position to make full use of it, and I, as an old Blue Vinny addict, should be delighted to give a verdict on the results.



E. W. Tattersall

PASSING THE TIME OF DAY

I SUPPOSE there is no fish that swims whose flesh varies to such an extent as the trout, and it is difficult to find any rules concerning water and feeding conditions to account for the difference, which ranges from a degree of excellence that puts it almost at the top of all fish to a dreary mediocrity that it shares with the roach, and one cannot sink much lower than that. One may eat a trout from a healthy fast-flowing stream in the south of England and find its flesh white, flabby and tasteless, while another from an adjoining stream may prove to be pink, firm and almost in the first class.

* * *

I USE the qualifying "almost" since, in my opinion, no English chalk-stream trout is ever quite up to the standard of those taken from certain Scottish and Irish lakes and rivers. The trout of Lough Corrib in Galway are, in fact, almost too first-class, if one may use the expression, for the colour and firmness of their flesh is such that it is difficult to distinguish it from salmon.

When one stays in a Lough Corrib fishing hotel during the may-fly or Harry Long-legs "dap" season, and eats superb Corrib trout for breakfast and dinner every day for a fortnight, one realises that there was some justification for the clause that was supposed to have figured in London apprentices' indentures in Tudor times, to the effect that salmon should

not figure on the menu more than once a week. Incidentally, there seems to be some mystery about this clause, since, although there are a number of people who are convinced that it was written in every London indenture of Elizabethan times, I believe that a protracted search has failed to discover it.

To-day, when salmon is among the luxuries obtainable only in the smallest quantities, one is apt to forget the distaste, almost amounting to nausea, with which one looked at the portion on one's plate at the end of a week during which one small family had been trying to cope with a 15-lb. fish.

* * *

THE epitaphs on favourite dogs and ponies that have been appearing in the Correspondence columns of COUNTRY LIFE recently recall the famous one written by Sir Francis Doyle, which was cut on the stone marking the grave of his old dog friend:

*Not hopeless, round this calm sepulchral spot,
A wreath presaging life we twine.
If God be love, what sleeps below was not
Without a spark divine.*

These lines, I think, express what occurs to all real dog-lovers when the day of parting comes, for one feels one must credit with the "spark divine" the small creature who gave so generously of his love, and who put his master first in all things.

THE HOLY SHRINE OF MESHED

Written and Illustrated by ELLA K. MAILLART

Shortly before the war, Miss Ella K. Maillart set out from Geneva, with a woman companion, on a motor journey across Southern Europe and Asia to India. They travelled through the Balkans to Istanbul, along the coast of the Black Sea (by ship) to Trebizond in eastern Turkey, and through Iran and Afghanistan. In the following article Miss Maillart tells the story of their journey from Shahrud, in Iran, to the holy city of Meshed, where they visited the famous Imami Reza shrine and Gohar Shad mosque.

THOUGH it meant a tiring day, we decided to cover in one stage the 320 miles between Shahrud and Meshed: there was no pleasant camping-ground on the way. It is true that, being self-contained, we could use our special bag for drinking-water (it used to hang outside the car, where it kept icy-cold by evaporation, its sides caked with mud, dust having stuck to the damp cloth). But a bath and a clean bed at the British Consulate of Meshed was a goal worthy of some effort: we might not find such comfort again for a long time to come, especially if the Hackins were still working on their "dig."

We were beginning to adapt ourselves to the country and reached the stage when we involuntarily mixed Persian words with our French. For instance, we had long known the words for *man*, *yes*, *madam*, *very expensive*, and quite unconsciously Christina would say to me: "A nafar stuck to me repeating 'Baleh, Khanum: this is not kheili gheran,' so I ended by buying his soapstone cigarette-holder." From her previous stay at Teheran she remembered "*lazim niist*" (not wanted), an expression we often used in garages, where mechanics were always keen to tinker with the car. I could utter one curse which worked like magic whenever we would not accept "*fardat*" (to-morrow) in response to an urgent order. For a long time I did not dare ask what it meant. I was just repeating what a German tourist had used with success at Isfahan in 1937: he spoke Persian fluently and could boast of an underworld knowledge of it, for all he knew had been learnt in the Berlin "tube." Later on, I found that that wonderful formula meant nothing worse than "son of a dog."

The car was also Persianised: Christina had fixed to the radiator a few of the charming blue beads one sees about the neck of animals that are to be preserved from the evil eye. To combat a more definite kind of bad luck we now carried with us two pieces of iron grooved like roof-gutters in case the heavy car should get embedded in mud or sand. Another kind of foresight had made me persuade Christina to get a skirt. I had convinced her that as long as she wore her grey trousers she would be taken



ON THE GREAT EASTERN ROAD FROM TEHERAN TO MESHED

for a man and Afghan harems would remain closed to her. I was also convinced that, when difficulties are encountered in Asia, women are more readily helped if they are seen to be without a man.

Khorassan is a dull part of the world, a succession of immense waterless basins separated by hills of grey gravel or by the rocky ribs of a skeletal earth. The whole region looks more barren and forlorn than Russian Turkestan. But for a while, morning and evening, a glorious display of changing lights turns this mournful stage into a world of unexampled beauty.

Gold and blue, blue and gold, such was the scene that morning—a few gilded bushes rising against a faraway background of hills, dusky blue like a ripe plum, while golden dust and golden light throbbed in the depths of the azure sky. It is because of their sky that deserts are so moving—that vast, total sky, the greatest amount of space we can behold at once, a sky into whose subtle landscape of thin vapours all the charm, the very essence, of a once fertile land has risen and taken refuge.

At Sabzawar, over half way to Meshed, we greeted the gaunt minaret of Khosrowgird erected in the year 1111 when Sultan Sanjar the Seljuk was governor of Khorassan—long before he went to Susa and saw Daniel's coffin. The monochrome brick-pattern of the monument reminded me of Bokhara where a tower 200 feet

high stands at one angle of the Kalyan Mosque—a "death minaret" of imposing proportions: people condemned to death by the Amir of Bokhara used to be hurled from its top.

Before noon the heat was already lording it over our world. Every detail of the country quivered as if at the point of boiling. Each blast coming from the oven-like desert was so searing that we wound up the windward pane, regretting that it was not fitted with a curtain to prevent the sun from scorching me. But our hood had been lined with red flannel, a device supposed to be very cooling. We did all we could to maintain a speed of forty-five miles an hour: as soon as we slowed down the wheels ceased to skip over the corrugated waves of the road and once more the bouncing was infernal. Another discomfort was the dust: there was enough traffic for a high hem of dust to be continually falling to the lee side of the road. Our backs as well as the leather seats were soaked with perspiration. When we stood for a while in the great wind we felt chilled till we were dry, the evaporation of water in this very dry air being almost as rapid as that of petrol.

For Shia Muslims, Meshed is the fourth most important pilgrimage—after Mecca in Arabia, Kerbela in Mesopotamia and Nejef. (The Shias do not recognise the three first successors of Muhammad and disagree with the Sunnis, who do).

As I once more came in sight of its golden dome, this time with Christina at my side, I envied the state of mind of the faithful who believe that:

"On the day of the resurrection, four of the earlier holy men (Noah, Abraham, Moses and Jesus) and four of the later ones (Mohammed, Ali, Hassan and Hussein) will be in the highest heaven and will draw a rope across the front of the throne of God. All those who have made the pilgrimage to the tombs of the Imams will sit on the ground at the foot of the throne; but those who have made the pilgrimage to the grave of the Imam Reza will sit nearest and the favours shown them will be greater than any other.

"The person who makes a pilgrimage to the Imam Reza will on resurrection day which is of seventy thousand years' duration, have a pulpit of his own placed in front of God's throne and at this pulpit he will sit until God has finished his accounting with mankind. God will then take him to Heaven." (Mullah Noruz Ali Tuhfat al Rizawiyah, quoted in B. Donaldson's *Wild Rue*)

We walked towards the shrine with our cameras hidden under our arms, for we had no permit to take photographs in Persia: the authorities in Teheran must have been too over-worked to deal with us in spite of our reiterated calls. If I were caught, I thought of trying to



A TYPICAL MUD-BUILT VILLAGE IN PERSIAN KHORASSAN

prevent confiscation by displaying a document two years out of date.

The broad avenues reminded me of Tashkent. Tired women, hatless and in drab overcoats, went to market with a basket over their arm. Droshkies gave a Russian touch to the scene; the white manes of their paired horses were tinged with flame-colour like the beards of old men—a sure sign that they had been bound with henna. At the cinemas, films were advertised in Russian and Persian and in shops every third man understood Russian. The new anti-religious propaganda also contributed to an otherwise superficial resemblance: like Kiev, in the Ukraine, or Bokhara, Meshed had built its modern hospital with money levied from religious foundations.

Officially the shrine was open to non-Muslims, but in practice there was much reluctance to enforce a rule that hurt the feelings of the majority. We didn't feel inclined to stroll through the great buildings: within the iron gates we felt nervous and self-conscious. We crossed the first court unobtrusively and went quickly towards the offices.

The main court, more than 400 feet square, was enclosed all round by double rows of arcades. This courtyard was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century by Shah Abbas. Coming from Isfahan on foot as a pilgrim, that cunning Shah had decided to advertise a shrine on Persian soil: it was unnecessary that a continual flow of pilgrims should enrich only the sacred places of Arabia and Iran.

In the middle of each side was a splendid *ivan*—the arched portico typical of Persian mosques. Every inch of the walls was shining with enamelled tiles. But the main feature of the courtyard was the gold that covered the tall minarets, lined the arched hollow of the *ivans*



THE CLOSED COURTYARD IN FRONT OF THE IMAM REZA SHRINE AT MESHED, BUILT BY SHAH ABBAS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

and shone with opulent brightness on the bomb-like dome above the sacred tomb. The joins of the square plates of gilded copper were clearly apparent: slightly convex, they recalled some sumptuously quilted upholstery. On the golden cupola, naked pink copper showed in a large band bearing historical inscriptions. How unearthly such gorgeousness must seem to the peasant who knows nothing but the sun-baked clay of his village hovels, nothing but the sun-scorched gravel of the desert!

The entrance to the actual tomb, a gold-vaulted recess in a great portal, was like the dark mouth of an ogival cave: it led to the heart of the golden summit. We asked one of the officials to take us to the tomb-chamber; dallying, he first showed us the treasures of the library. Among the 18,000 books were some 5,000 Qurans, many of them famous masterpieces. Every page of each of them displayed original designs and colourings, the margins filled with enough gold and azure arabesques, green and ruby floral *entrelacs* to inspire a cohort of modern artists in search of new patterns. Bound in snake's skin, Ali's Qurans showed great Kufic writing. Walking past the shelves, I was astonished to see such books as Thiers's *Révolution Française* and even Dumas's *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

In a big room hung with a portrait of Ali, we were shown rare carpets, among them "The Four Seasons," made in Kerman in 1650; it was full of lovely changing sheens as the attendant directed different parts of it towards the windows. The shrine, indeed, must contain many treasures: pilgrims have brought their offerings to the saint for ten centuries.

Our chief wish was

to enter the tomb-chamber on the ground floor, but our guide was deliberately slowing his conducted tour. From the choked uproar that reached us we knew that the number of pilgrims was great; but as I once more moved towards the narrow staircase, the attendant said it was now too late to go down and dangerous to mix with so many people.

We had been warned beforehand about the elusive ways of the shrine officials, but we did not know how to counter them. Through a bull's eye, Christina took a plunging view at a dark hall that seemed full of pilgrims. And I told her what I had seen there two years ago.

Four warders having taken me in tow, I was asked to imitate their gestures. We then entered the humming crowd of pilgrims, the huge crowd that moved like a stream, the crowd that wailed, chanted and prayed all at the same time. The noise grew into a loud clamour as we entered a resonant hall whose walls sparkled with innumerable mirror-facets. I progressed, squeezed within an avid multitude, a seething mass of hallucinated eyes. We reached the tomb-chamber. Like my neighbours, I had kissed a great silver door splendidly worked in repoussé, then a dark door of carved wood; like them, I pressed my forehead against a wall of pink marble. Beyond that I could no longer imitate them. They were in a trance: they looked but seemed to see nothing. I was still able to observe details. The tomb, under a canopy in one corner of the room, was surrounded by a silver railing and covered with a pall of blue satin. In that confined space the uproar swelled, thundered and bounded back like the mighty sea in a cave. The silver bars were caressed, kissed and clasped in an outburst of adoration that devoured the whole being of the pilgrims: they were partaking of the holiness of the saint. They mumbled, yelled and cried without knowing it. They shuffled along, rubbing their bundles along the sacred walls. Between a turned-up collar and a battered felt hat pulled down as much as possible, a woman's eye burned with fever. Turbaned men recalled wild, starving animals. They were not looking at this world: carried away by passion, they had approached and touched something greater than themselves.

I had no place there. To observe them as I did in a relatively cold way was indiscreet, sacrilegious even. This must have been the greatest moment in their lives, a moment during which, wondrously, they went beyond themselves. Who was I to scrutinize them as I did? Instead of looking through me as most of the pilgrims did, two bearded veterans watched me, saw me for what I was: they were so hurt, their faces expressed a pain so acute that I felt sorry. Had they lynched me I think I could perhaps have agreed with them. . . . I slipped out with undignified haste. I had seldom been so moved. I wondered if any of the great pilgrimages in



A DETAIL OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY SHRINE OF IMAM REZA: ALL THE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH ENAMEL TILES



THE MAIN IVAN OF THE GOHAR SHAD MOSQUE IN MESHEH UNDER REPAIR

Europe were causing such deep religious enthusiasm. In spite of my excitement—and this shows how detachedly one's mind works—I had been continually aware that, impassive, ugly and Japanese, a wall-clock had trivially ticked away second after second.

Leaving that confused roar behind us, Christina and I followed a narrow passage that took us to the peace of Gohar Shad, the delightfully simple courtyard of that perfect mosque. Among the mass of shapeless clay houses of the great town, Gohar Shad was an unexpected pool of blue light: we basked in it, felt refreshed by it as by a dip in the clean high seas when the water is of a dense navy-blue with a white plume rising joyfully here and there.

Double tiers of arcades formed the sides of the court, each side enriched by the portal of an *ivan*, every surface covered with deeply coloured faience mosaics. The main *ivan* was flanked by

two minarets decorated with a network of dark lozenges; above the shaded entrance of the greatest portal the spandrels were filled with a mass of light enamelled flowers. "From her private property and for the benefit of her future state, Gohar Shad built this great mosque," was the inscription inlaid into the façade. "Baisungur, son of Shah Rukh, son of Timur Gürkhan, wrote this with hope in Allah, dated 1418." (Gürkhan—universal Khan—is the supreme Turko-Mongol title that had been used by the Kerait, the Kara Khitai, etc.). Behind the main *ivan* rose the ellipse of an exquisite turquoise dome with sinuous white arabesques. A foam-white calligraphic frieze ran round and bound together these glazed walls of splendid hues. A tank for ritual ablution mirrored the radiant vision—happy proportions, good colours and lasting harmony. Timur died in 1405 and the same year his daughter-in-law Gohar Shad started the building of this mosque. At Herat we were to see the tomb of that remarkable woman.

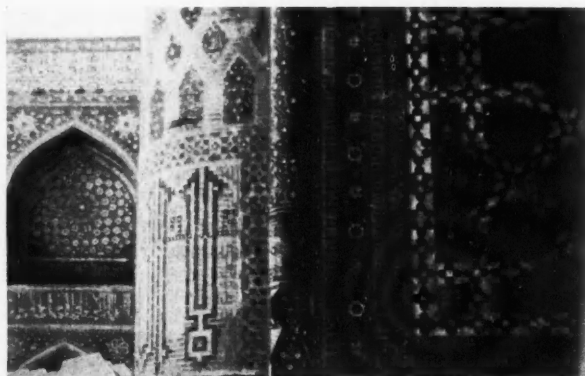
The mosaics were nearly as good as the much-ruined panels of the Blue Mosque at Tabriz. They were much more attractive than the tiled ensemble built by Shah Abbas for the great court of the shrine. The process adopted by Shah Abbas is called *haft-rengi*: it means that as many as seven colours may, if necessary, be applied side by side on a tile before it goes to the kiln. The result is that each coloured detail not being sharply separated from the next, as it is when incrustation-mosaic is used, the general impression is more diluted. In the seven-colour process it is impossible to obtain a gamut of the densest tones since each colour has a different maximum firing-point.

That morning we had visited a carpet workshop. And now I felt that a richly coloured prayer-rug is a version in wool of the mosaic façade of an arched portal; and that in its turn is intimately related with the gorgeousness of Quranic illuminations. These three summits of Persian art can perhaps be traced to the bright flowerbeds of Persian gardens—compact geometrical fields of multi-coloured

flowers that frame every moment of life in this sun-scorched land.

I felt I could grow fond of the place; and that raised a problem that interested me. So far I had always fallen in love with robust three-dimensional art—the Tower of Kabus, the charioteer of Delphi, China's Great Wall, the purity of Vézelay, the solidity of the Parthenon, the deep-rooted joy of Romanesque Tournai, the Trimurti of the Elephanta cave. What had I to do, then, with an Asian mosque, a lidless box whose inner surfaces alone are seen, shining with paint and lacquer? I knew that Gohar Shad was "good," and it was casting a spell on me. Nevertheless, I still preferred the turquoise and ultramarine glazes I had seen in Samarkand. Probably because it was there that I had first seen the warm glow that emanates from these two enamels when they are used side by side. There, near the Reghistan square, I watched the dying sun from the roof of the Tilla Kari medresseh where "Sovtourist" had allotted me a cell. An intimacy had grown between myself and the stubborn dome above its high drum girted with huge Kufic characters. My Tilla Kari seemed to be a weak imitation, but I was within a stone's throw of the perfect Ulugh Beg College named after the astronomer son of Gohar Shad.

The old monuments of Samarkand have pathos, most of them being in ruins—the audacious cupola of Bibi-Khanum still challenging the bluish-green of a sunset sky, the vestige of a beautiful arcade before Timur's mausoleum, the lane of tombs at Shah Zinda, palaces and hunting-boxes in the country crumbling into dust. Do we cherish better what is on the eve of vanishing? Would the Parthenon affect us equally were its paint and gilt still shining? Time, wars and earthquakes have badly mauled the Herat monuments, but the little that remains



"EVERY SURFACE OF THE ARCADES AND IVAN (AT THE GOHAR SHAD MOSQUE) WAS COVERED WITH DEEPLY COLOURED FAIENCE MOSAICS"

—a tomb with minarets in a wheat-field—touches me like the last smile of a friend. In its good state of preservation, the mosque of Gohar Shad has none of these appealing qualities. I had to read Pope's *Introduction to Persian Art* to understand what was moving me. And I clearly see how knowledge "does both train and supplement the eye":

"Though it concerned itself with an art of design, the Persian æsthetic genius cannot therefore be relegated to a secondary rank. For in the same sense both music and architecture are arts of design, proof enough that design of a supreme quality attains a high seriousness and deep meaning that make it one of man's greatest achievements. The arts of design have no immediate appeal to sentiment and make no direct reference to nature, but their very abstractness, their detachment from a specific ideational content or emotional entanglement is a source of tranquil power. Nor are they merely a series of enticing forms. Like great music, they may characterise and reveal ultimate values and give expression to the basic and universal forms of the mind itself. Great design has the authority of logic. Design bears, indeed, the same relation to beauty that logic does to science and philosophy. It is the proper introduction to art, its indispensable framework, and perhaps also its finest achievement."



PILGRIMS UNDERGOING ABLUTION IN THE MAIN COURTYARD OF THE IMAM REZA MOSQUE AT MESHEH

A PLEA FOR OUR BIG DOGS

By A. CROXTON SMITH

BREEDS of big dogs suffered badly through the effects of the 1914 war, and in all probability the position of some of them is worse now than it was in 1920. In the first world war it became necessary to stop breeding altogether, owing to the food situation. Last time the Government was content with the efforts of the Kennel Club to keep the numbers of dogs down, while the difficulty of obtaining suitable food was in itself a deterrent. At the moment the outlook for such as mastiffs, St. Bernards and Newfoundlands seems bleak in the extreme, and the only hope for their preservation is that enough may be found in a year or two, when conditions become easier, to permit strains to be rebuilt.

Mastiffs are almost in a category of their own, because sentiment and historical associations impel a desire to save them from extinction. Dogs which were in England when Julius Caesar first came, and which have played such an important part in British social history, have very special claims upon our consideration. They have always been noted for their size, strength and courage, qualities that made the Romans export them to Rome to fight in the arena for the entertainment of the populace.

How they came here is conjectural, for the reasonable supposition is that they are of Asiatic derivation. Two thousand years ago the British imported dogs from the Continent by way of Belgium, and it is also possible that the Phœni-

cians may have brought them on some of their trading expeditions in search of tin. When Canute framed his Forest Laws at a Parliament in Winchester in 1016, he enacted that "if any Greyhound or Mastiff be found running to do any Hurt, the Forester shall retain them and present them in the presence of the Verderors, and send them to the King or to the Chief Justice of the Forest."

As time went on, and the Forest Laws increased in severity, succeeding monarchs realised that farmers and others living within a forest should be entitled to keep mastiffs for their protection, but so that the dogs could do no harm to the deer they had to be "expedited," an operation that entailed cutting off the claws of the forefeet with a sharp chisel.

British mastiffs were sent to the Continent to serve as war dogs, and they were used at home in the so-called sport of bear-baiting. Sir Piers Legh, one of the family of which Lord Newton is a present-day representative, had his mastiff bitch with him on the field of Agincourt, and as he lay wounded she watched over him. Unfortunately, her efforts to preserve his life were unavailing, as he died on the way home. The strain was kept up at Lyme Hall, in Cheshire, until towards the end of last century, when it had degenerated considerably, and there have been none of that kind there since.

Several noble families, including that of the Duke of Devonshire, had mastiffs until compara-



T. Fall

THE HEAD OF A FINE ST. BERNARD

tively recent times, but for the last 70 or 80 years they have been maintained only by exhibitors. From the few that remain, it should be possible to revive them, though the task will be costly if anyone should desire to keep a considerable kennel.

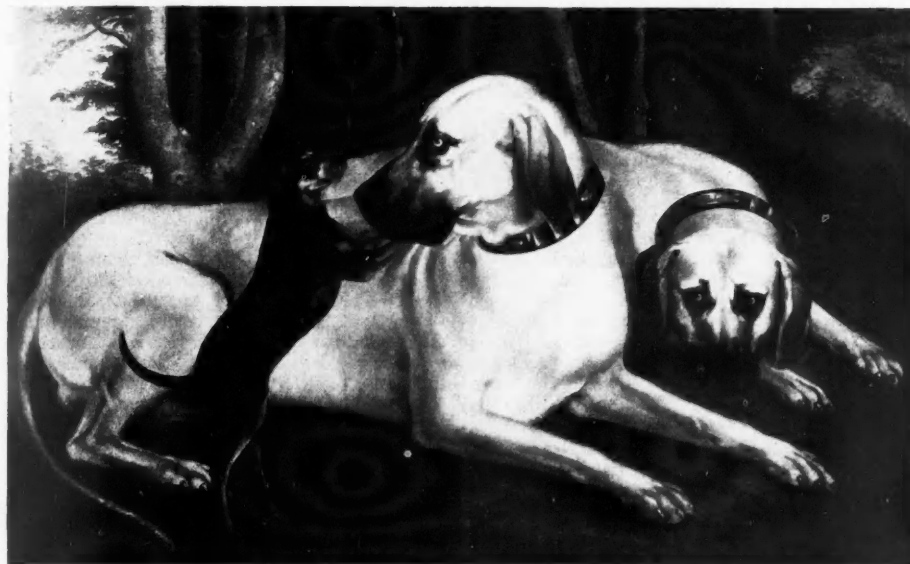
The type has changed materially since the 1870s, when there were winning in the show ring dogs which had heads very similar to those of Great Danes, with jaws of a normal shape. Then came a craze for short heads and, with it, efforts to increase the bulk. The general consequence was that many of the modern dogs are unsound, it being a problem to rear them with good straight bone and hind legs that are parallel with one another, instead of those the hocks of which turn inwards. Personally, I would rather see a somewhat smaller dog that was thoroughly sound and able to move freely.

Unsoundness is a lamentable failing in other big breeds. The trouble is not so much in front, as we frequently see the forelegs with heavy bone and beautifully straight, while behind the dogs are more often than not cow-hocked, which is a sad eyesore. St. Bernards, like mastiffs, have had an interesting history, and they too have changed very much in every respect since serious importations were made nearly 80 years ago. In one feature the change has been advantageous, the large, characteristic heads giving a nobility of appearance that was lacking in their ancestors. Those that came originally from the Hospice on the Great St. Bernard Pass between Switzerland and Italy would look insignificant in a show ring to-day.

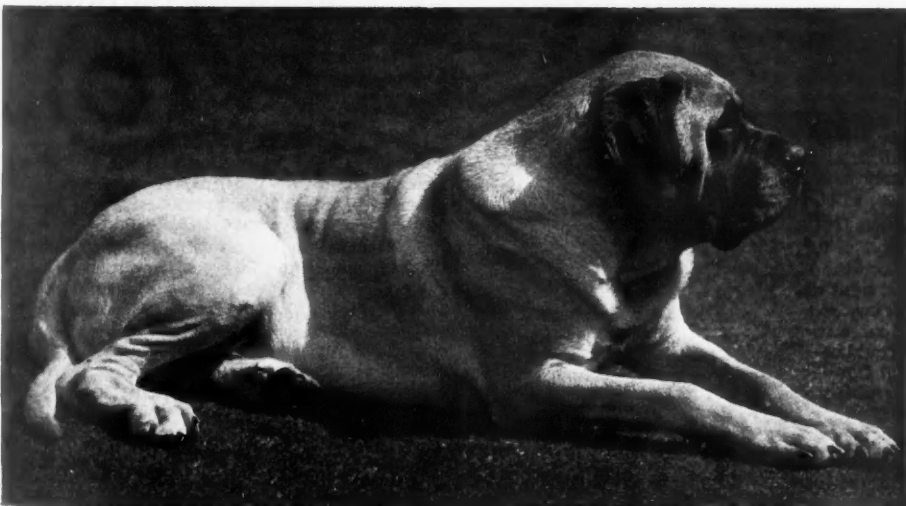
The romance about the use of these dogs in seeking travellers lost in the snows captured the imagination of the public when they first came over, and in a few years they were enjoying tremendous popularity. That they have done excellent work is apparent, but the extent of it has been exaggerated. About 1850 the Prior of the Hospice mentioned that the dogs were saving two to three lives annually, and it has been computed that in about two-and-a-half centuries they have been instrumental in rescuing more than 2,000 travellers. A few people still attempt the Pass on foot, as there is now a good road.

Captain Leslie Williams, while recuperating in Switzerland after a long illness, wrote to tell me of a visit that he had paid to the Hospice recently. He states that he saw there more than a dozen bitches and one old dog. They did not seem to him to be in good condition and, despite their small size, appeared unsound behind. St. Bernards as we know them are wonderfully attractive, having the nobility that is usually associated with big dogs, and I hope that as soon as conditions are more favourable the old breeders will get to work again.

Newfoundlands, too, deserve a word of commendation. Not so tall as St. Bernards, they are still majestic, and they have all the qualities that endear a dog to an owner. Byron's beautiful epitaph on Boatswain, and Landseer's paintings made these water dogs famous. It is probable that odd specimens were brought home from Newfoundland at least 200 years ago, and it is possible that one or two were here in the days of the Stuarts. Their massive frames, wide chests and stout bone make them peculiarly suitable for swimming in heavy seas, and many are the stories of rescues which they have effected through this accomplishment.



COMPARISON OF THIS PAINTING, DATED 1867, WITH THE RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BELOW SHOWS HOW THE MASTIFF HAS CHANGED IN THE YEARS BETWEEN. SHORTER MUZZLE AND HEAVIER HEAD ARE MARKED FEATURES



THE CROFT: an 18th-century Writing-Cabinet

By SIR AMBROSE HEAL

ANY piece of 18th-century furniture that bears the name of the maker is bound to attract attention, for such authenticated pieces are seldom met with. It was not surprising therefore that, at a recent Sotheby sale, a very modest-looking little writing-cabinet with the label of the firm of Seddon, the well-known cabinet-makers in Aldersgate and at other addresses from 1756 until the middle of the last century, should arouse competition. (See *The Firm of Seddon*, COUNTRY LIFE, January 20, 1934.)

Of additional and particular interest, however, was the elaborate description, set forth at great length upon the label, detailing the various uses and conveniences claimed for this somewhat commonplace-looking cabinet. The catalogue entry of "An interesting late 18th-century Writing Cabinet or Croft" whetted a curiosity that was not entirely satisfied by the explanation given on the maker's label to the effect that the cabinet was "called a croft from a gentleman who first directed them to be made for the papers of his dictionary as a portable desk is called a blackstone." (sic). One might be forgiven for not seeing the immediate connection between portability and the weighty tomes of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. Assuming, however, that Blackstone was adequately accommodated in his labours by the use of a small writing-desk, one might perhaps visualise Croft compiling a dictionary within the compact limits that Seddon provided for him.

Blackstone one knows; but Croft—who was he and does his dictionary exist? To satisfy these questions recourse was made to the *Dictionary of National Biography* and to the rewarding indexes of *Notes and Queries*. From these authoritative sources it was discovered that the Revd. Sir Herbert Croft, Bt. (1751-1816), was, for thirty years, vicar of Prittlewell in Essex, and the author of some curious and interesting works. In 1792 he issued proposals for the publication of an improved version of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary "corrected . . . considerably improved and enlarged by more than 20,000 words." The work was to be published at twelve guineas in four folio volumes, but the project was not carried out owing to lack of support. In a letter to John Nicholls, the publisher, Croft, alluding to the collections he had made for this work, said that his MSS. extended to two hundred volumes and expressed the desire that, after his death, they should be deposited in some public library; but it seems more than doubtful whether this intention was ever carried into effect, since all traces of the MSS. have disappeared.

If we may assume from the advertisement which appears inside the writing-cabinet that Croft's great work was indeed compiled upon it, then the claims put forward by the makers for its adaptability must surely be conceded. This announcement reads as follows:—

Some account of the different uses of this piece of furniture, containing trays for papers, drawings, prints, bills, letters, etc., and serving as a table, etc. (called a *croft*, from a gentleman who first directed them to be made for the papers of his dictionary, as a portable desk is called a *blackstone*).

1. When the writing drawer is open, the upper part of a sheet of paper will slip back under the top, so as to admit of writing on the bottom of the paper.

2. When a person wishes not to be interrupted, he can breakfast, dine, etc., upon the table while he reads or writes upon the drawer.

3. Those who wish to have any such piece of furniture only for writing may order it to be finished with a *blackstone* at the top, instead of a table, and they who keep only a few papers may add to the number of trays by taking from their depth.

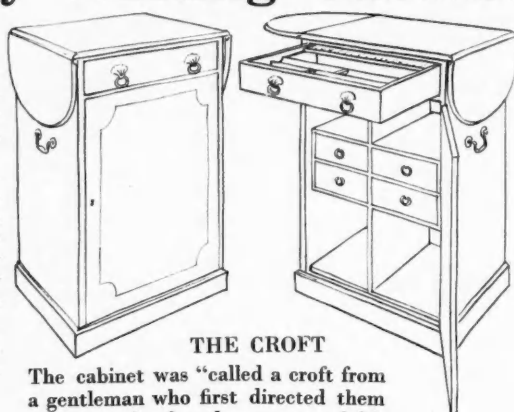
4. It is presumed that these pieces of furniture may have their use, in communicating an early turn for something like order and regularity, even to schoolboys of great prospects and large fortunes: but they will be found

more particularly useful by gentlemen upon a voyage, or who move to different lodgings, houses, etc., and by all who may ever wish to move a quantity of papers without disturbing their arrangement; while the different objections to the expense of such conveniences seem to be here obviated, as this is only one expense for life, and the whole may be moved to any room in the house, or to any other house, and will at last sell like any other furniture, and to much less disadvantage than fixed cupboards, shelves, drawers, etc.

5. They are finished the same behind as before, so as to stand in any part of a study, library, parlour, drawing-room, etc.

6. They may be instantly moved in case of fire; they may at any time be moved up stairs or down, without disturbing any of the papers they contain: they may be easily moved on a porter's head, in a wagon, in a caravan, to or from the country in a coach, or even in a post chaise, when travelling alone and desirous of carrying so many papers sorted and arranged, with a view to which the corners, hinges, etc., are finished in a way to incommode the traveller as little as possible.

7. Those who have occasion for more than one may distinguish them on the outside of the door by letters or figures; and in some cases (as a large library in the country, with eight or ten of these in different parts of it) a candlestick and



THE CROFT

The cabinet was "called a croft from a gentleman who first directed them to be made for the papers of his dictionary."

a large wax candle may make part of the contents of the writing drawer, to one of which each visitor may have a key, during his stay, while the door of the trays is only opened by the master key.

8. It is hoped that these *crofts* may not only be found convenient and useful by all who are, or wish to become, men of method, order, regularity or business, but also by ladies, for the purpose of keeping their bills, letters, drawings, prints, etc.

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY MESSRS. SEDDON, SONS & SHACKLETON, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON.

SELECTORS AND SELECTED

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

BY the time these words appear in print the Walker Cup Selectors, Messrs. Tolley, Torrance and Oppenheimer, may possibly have published their plans for trial matches, and I shall so far be late for the fair, but in any case I should like to wish them good luck and to express my confidence in them—a confidence shared, I believe, by all golfers who know them.

Choosing a team is never an easy job, and this time it may be harder than usual. That is not in the least a "defeatist" remark, for I believe the team will be a good one. It only means that even now amateur golf has hardly got into its peace-time stride, and the Selectors have not yet as many clues to guide them as usual; they have a great deal to find out for themselves.

To take one single example, there is Mr. Carr who, last autumn, won the Irish Open Amateur Championship at Portrush. Clearly he must be a very good player indeed; those who have seen him all agree that he is, but I do not think that any of the Selectors have yet seen him, and to choose a player for a side without seeing him is to buy a pig in a poke—a form of speculation in which they will certainly not indulge.

So they will have to get about and watch people. The unofficial international between England and Scotland was a great help. Two at least of the Committee will have seen the President's Putter; and the Halford Hewitt Cup may always bring some new candidate to light. Still, it is obvious that trial matches are absolutely essential, and it is good to be told that there will be at least two of them.

* * *

The Walker Cup match will this time come before the Amateur Championship, and this at first sight may seem a hardship for the Selectors. For my part, I incline to think that it may be rather an advantage to them than otherwise. I would never deny that an Amateur Championship can discover some real treasure, but it has often been a hindrance rather than a help by, I will not say forcing the Selectors' hands, but by bringing into temporary prominence players whose real merits do not quite deserve it.

A man may by courage and good fortune fight his way through a series of "dog-fights" to

near the final of a Championship, and yet, in the dispassionate opinion of good judges, he may be a good player but not quite good enough. I think that a round of eighteen holes as a test of golf is sometimes too fiercely disparaged, and when the better player gets beaten in eighteen holes, as he often does, it is generally his own fault. At the same time thirty-six holes with, so to speak, their ampler space for manoeuvre and their greater chances for recovery, constitute a different kind of test; the Walker Cup match is played by 36-hole matches, and it is easy to think of some who can struggle gallantly through a series of short bursts and yet would inspire very little confidence in a longer match against a golfer of the class to which any American opponent is likely to belong.

I would rather be guided by the considered judgment of these Selectors on any given golfer than go by the sometimes haphazard results of a particular tournament, however important. It is true that Selectors are in no way bound by the results of a Championship, and can leave out the champion himself if they see fit, but, however regardless of public opinion, they are apt to be a little, perhaps unconsciously, influenced by it. "We just can't leave out So-and-So" is a dangerous sentiment, and so I believe that the Selectors are really better off in not having this additional and possibly deceptive clue of the Championship to guide them.

* * *

There is one thing that I have said before but will say again: I am glad that these Selectors are not so old but that they can play with and against the candidates in the trial matches if they like, and can also, if they like, regard some of their own number as candidates. I do not presume to express views on other games, though I may have one or two secret ones of my own, but in golf I do not believe in Selectors being past the playing age. I never had any great opinion of myself as a Selector at the best of times, but I know that if, which Heaven forbid, I had to be one now, I should be useless, for one particular reason, namely that I should not myself have played with the candidates.

There is a great difference between watching a man and playing against him. The watcher can form his views as to how the man strikes

the ball, but he does not know what it feels like to have him as an opponent. Admittedly such feelings may differ a little with personal idiosyncracies, but even so I believe that several good judges will form, in the end, much the same general impression of any particular candidate's qualities. He may be either more formidable or more mild than he looks, and on such a point a player's opinion is worth much more than any watcher's. For that matter he may be, from his personal qualities, a better or a worse member of a team, for though golf is not a team game yet the team spirit is a very far from negligible asset. This can only be judged by those who get to know him as a human being, and if they come reasonably near to being his contemporaries so much the better.

I began by wishing the Selectors good luck, and I meant it in a particular as well as in a general sense. Their predecessors, who did so much to win the match in 1938, had the good luck they well deserved. They had, unless I am mistaken, formed the preliminary opinion that certain players ought to play and that others were not quite good enough. When the trial matches took place their opinions were wonderfully confirmed; their choices consistently just-

fied themselves, and some other people's choices were shown to be not so wise. The most fearless of Selectors are but human beings, and it must have given them a cheering self-reliance to find their views so uniformly proved to be right. The very soundest of prophets may sometimes be unlucky; these prophets were both sound and lucky.

Incidentally the Committee of 1938 had the Amateur Championship to help them to a final choice, but I fancy that it made very little difference to them. I was in no way in their secrets, but I should imagine that perhaps Mr. Cecil Ewing owed his place to his having reached the final at Troon (he amply justified it by winning his single), and that otherwise the Championship had no effect one way or the other.

Again I am in no one's confidence, nor do I desire to be so, but I have gathered that there are likely to be two trial matches, one "somewhere in England" and one, as a matter of course, on the scene of the match, St. Andrews. In 1938 the trial match at St. Andrews was played by a series of three-ball matches, and I remember thinking at the time that this made the test rather harder, perhaps because I had always personally found a three-ball a difficult

form of game. I believe one possible candidate expressed some such view to a Selector and received the answer, "You'd find the Walker Cup match much more difficult." That is probably the right, uncompromising reply.

I remember having been told years ago that young German staff officers on manoeuvres were made to mix their drinks horribly on the night before so that they should show how they could carry out their duties when feeling far from in their best form. So it may be a good thing for a golfer to have to play a kind of golf in which he does not feel at home, in order to rise superior to his prejudices. I do not know whether three-ball matches will be played again this time, but clearly they give the Selectors the chance of watching more players at once. Nor do I know whether there will be foursomes, but I hope so, because the foursomes mean so much. We gained a vital half point in them last time, and from that moment our spirits soared. Moreover, there are one or two players whom we might not want in the singles but who seem intended by Providence for the foursomes. I have one in my mind at the moment, but I am not going to say who he is. That is my own humble little secret.

TWO TAME SQUIRRELS By DOROTHY M. FELS

MY son and his friend unexpectedly happened on some young grey squirrels in an old willow and brought two of them home. Their eyes were hardly opened, and I should have stood small chance of rearing them but for the fact that Greykin, my cat, was suckling a kitten, Blackie, at the time.

The first step was to get puss to take to them, so I tempted her with a piece of meat and slipped both squirrels into her box. After the meal she returned, sniffed suspiciously around, then, with both forepaws on the edge of the box, peered in, sniffed again and walked off. My heart sank, but we left her alone and eventually she went back to the box. Through the French window we could see her walking round her nest in the conservatory, puzzled and not a little disturbed.

It seemed hours before she stepped, diffidently, into the box, then sat down gingerly and remained bolt upright looking down at the little strangers with curiosity. For what seemed an eternity she refused to nestle and remained in a taut upright position, sitting on her haunches with her forepaws tucked closely in, taking up as little space as possible and looking as if she must be there to see what was happening but could not bring herself to touch the intruders.

* * *

At last she achieved a measure of satisfaction, for she relaxed and lay down beside the kitten and then, to my relief, enclosed both kitten and squirrels within her paws and the protective shelter of her sides.

Before night all three were suckling, the squirrels pushing away the kitten and curling themselves into amazing attitudes in a fierce endeavour to satisfy their appetites. The kitten, however, was plump and heavy, and what the strangers gained in agility she made up for with sheer weight and obstinacy.

My pleasure at the possibility of rearing them was great, but my troubles were not yet over. One evening when I brought in the box as usual at bedtime, Greykin refused to settle and walked restlessly around obviously looking for another nest. Finally, carrying her kitten in her mouth, she opened a cupboard door with her paw and jumped on to a shelf where she settled down on the ironing blanket. She came back for a squirrel, but could not manage to grip it with the same hold that she used for the kitten and it fought and struggled so hard that she had to put it down and appeal to me for assistance. I helped her with both squirrels and she settled down comfortably for the night. In the morning the performance was repeated in reverse.

As they grew Pip and Squeak, as I had christened the two squirrels, would retire to the cupboard under their own steam, and tucked way back in the dark corner they bristled, swore

and trembled with rage if I attempted to haul them out. This stage passed and I could soon handle them without any trouble. I wired a small wastepaper basket on the handle of the French window and they would dart in and out of it. They played with pieces of paper or a cotton reel—in fact, anything they could lay paws on, and one of my silk stockings was carried off to the conservatory roof.

The squirrels were much more active than plump little Blackie who, at this stage, could do little more than tumble about, although she tried valiantly to follow where her agile foster-brothers led. Greykin always watched the squirrels' antics with pained surprise and a great show of anxiety when Blackie tried to emulate their prowess. Pip and Squeak could not lap milk like the kitten, but they shared the same dish and drank across the surface rather like a rat drinking from a river. Their tails were fine and bushy, and they were plumper and more mature than wild squirrels of the same age.

By this time they ran all over the cottage and came in answer to my call. Pip would run out of the lattice window, down the conservatory roof, then take a flying leap on to the branch of elderbush causing the branch to bend to the ground and then, as it recoiled, to shoot him on to the roof of the coal shed.

The squirrels awoke at about 6 a.m. on spring mornings, and Pip would sit on my window ledge waiting for me to get up and give him a crust to nibble. If I delayed over-long he would sit on the bed-rail and nibble at the knob. Squeak was always the more retiring. Both of them delighted to walk along the clothes line, where they nibbled at the clothes pegs, and left dirty little paw marks on my washing. They climbed from the plum tree to my thatched roof or through ventilator holes into the stone-built barn which forms part of my garden wall. It was in this barn that Squeak met his untimely end at the hands of the farm cat. I felt very badly about it because, of course, neither Pip nor Squeak was at all wary of cats since they looked on Greykin as their mother.

* * *

Pip remained to pursue a gallant and glorious career and he thoroughly ruled the roost in my small cottage. He was so beautiful to watch that I forgave him everything, and he knew it. At meal times he would make a wild dash up my leg, or leap from the chair-arm straight into my lap and help himself to something from my plate. After one or two such performances I shut the sitting-room door before meals. He was also guilty of snatching food from Greykin or Blackie and leaping on my shoulder so that he could eat it without fear of being molested.

It was strange to see the influence that the kitten and squirrel had on each other's habits

and development. Blackie would rush up the tree trunk after Pip and her sheer impetus would propel her much farther up the bark than any other kitten of her size and age. And Pip would play with Greykin, tapping her playfully with his paw just like a kitten. Both squirrels had another delightful mannerism. If started when running or climbing they would pause with the right paw held tentatively in the air and slightly curved across the breast.

* * *

Of course Pip stole my gooseberries and strawberries and played with the newly formed plums. My neighbours feared for their fruit, and I feared for my pet, for, although he always came when I called it was always possible that his mischief might earn him a bad name and in a village to have a bad name is to be as good as hanged!

But, sadly enough it was my own gooseberries that proved his undoing, or so I believe. One evening he came in for his meal with Greykin and Blackie, and I saw that his right paw was a little swollen. The fingers of this paw were useless, and instead of holding his crust firmly between his hands, he held it against the palm. The next morning wrist and arm were swollen, and I bathed them with hot boracic. I could see no abrasion and thought he must have been pinched in a door or window. Forty-eight hours later he was really ill and then I knew that he had blood poisoning.

That night he slept tucked up in the curtain on the window-ledge of my room. At about five o'clock in the morning he was uneasy and miserable, so I found another piece of warm flannel, eased his position, then tucked him in again. I took him fruit during the day and in the afternoon fed him with a strawberry or two, but soon afterwards he dragged himself out of the window, down the conservatory roof on to the elder-tree to the ground. I left him in the plum tree while I went in to make the tea, but came out again without drinking it in time to see him climb painfully up the thatch towards a favourite haunt. I knew it must be the end, and I knew too that he was determined to die in his secret place on the roof top. I saw him reach the little opening and, as he reached it, slip back into the wire netting that protects the edge of the thatch, and lie still with the June breeze ruffling his grey coat and bushy tail.

It did not seem possible that such a lively little creature could be lying there so still and cold. I am sure that the deadly gooseberry thorn was responsible for his death, for, before I buried him I looked for a wound or an abrasion, and there was not a sign of either. I made him a bed close between the plum tree and the tree lupin where he had so often disported himself with Greykin and Blackie. I have grieved sorely for many pets, but never more than for that fluid little creature I knew as Pip.

"COUNTRY LIFE" JUBILEE DINNER

Mr. R. A. Butler on the English Tradition: Sir George Stapledon on the Future of Agriculture: Lord Burghley on Next Year's Olympic Games: Sir Alan Herbert on "The Black 50 Years"

A DINNER to celebrate the Jubilee of COUNTRY LIFE was held at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on January 8, the actual anniversary of the date on which the first issue of the paper appeared in 1897. Sir Frank Newnes, chairman of Country Life, Limited, presided, and upwards of four hundred guests were present.

During the dinner messages of loyal greetings were sent to the King and Queen and Queen Mary, and Their Majesties' gracious replies were read by the chairman. He made special reference also to messages from Sir Harold Harmsworth, chairman of *The Field*, and from the Surrey County Cricket Club.

The toast list marked a slight departure from custom. Instead of a toast of COUNTRY LIFE being included there were toasts to the three main activities with which the paper has been most closely associated. The first may be comprehensively defined as "The English Tradition." It was proposed by Mr. R. A. Butler, a prominent member of the Coalition Government and the author of the recent Education Act. The second was that of "Agriculture," and was proposed by Sir George Stapledon, late director of the Ministry of Agriculture's Grassland Improvement Station at Stratford-on-Avon and former Professor of Agricultural Botany, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. The third was to "Sport" and was proposed by Lord Burghley, the distinguished sportsman, President of the Amateur Athletic Association and chairman of the British Olympic Association, and formerly Governor of Bermuda.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE

Mr. R. A. Butler Hopes for New Centres of Culture

IN his speech proposing the toast of "The English Tradition", Mr. R. A. Butler looked to a future in which the country houses of England, the storehouses of tradition, might serve the wider educational and cultural needs of their districts or possibly become centres of modernised agricultural estates. He believed that town and country were moving together, and he urged that the best of country things and country ways must be retained.

The very title of COUNTRY LIFE represented, he said, the essence of our island tradition, and it was a journal which portrayed country things and country ways and depicted beauty in the many forms in which it embellished and enriched English homes. The country way of life was struggling to perpetuate itself, despite the Industrial Revolution, despite the overspill of towns new and old, and despite the ardent desires of officials to tidy up our village life and ruined schools, and the predilection of the military to exercise on the only remaining open spaces. Like Gallio, he "cared for none of these things," and his desire was to hasten from the City at each week-end to go back home to champion the country cause and return to the old-fashioned comforts, such as wood smoke, draughts, and old clothes. (Laughter.)

Fresh air was the most important of country traditions. Richard Jefferies's gamekeeper had said: "It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people; being indoors three parts of the day, and next to that taking too much drink and vittals. Eating's as bad as drinking; and there ain't nothing like fresh air and the smell of the woods. . . . There's the smell of the earth, too—especially just as the plough turns it up—which is a fine thing; and the hedges and the grass are as sweet as sugar after a shower."

Next to the open air, the fireside was one of the greatest English traditions. Beside it his regular Saturday evening routine was to read COUNTRY LIFE. He first read the advertisements, and contemplated buying an estate with

thousands of acres of wild, wet shooting—all, of course, within easy reach of London—until his wife trembled at the prospect of a house with thirty bedrooms. (Laughter.) In Dreamland with this weekly phenomenon he marvelled that the Editor had chosen another beautiful girl for a frontispiece, and he wondered why. Whatever the reason, he wished he could have the task of choosing them, as it was part of his present duty to obtain recruits for the Party, and his resources would be greatly strengthened thereby. Then he enjoyed *A Countryman's Notes*, and every year at the appropriate time he looked in them for Major Jarvis's description of the Red Admiral on his nettle-bed and his remarks on his precocious dog, his unwilling car and the cunning fish or cock pheasant, such as one met every week-end. He welcomed most of all Major Jarvis's sense of humour, such as Mr. Harold Nicolson might have been describing when he said, "It is a lubricant in our anxious lives, an intimate and gentle friend within us, who adjusts our relations to the Society in which we live . . . above all a faculty which in a still stratified community such as ours remains indifferent to social and economic distinctions and almost unaffected by the harshness of class or Party strife."

"That is a suitable definition of the spirit in which we congratulate COUNTRY LIFE on its Jubilee," sent on Mr. Butler, "and on the way in which it has run its columns for fifty years. I hope that that spirit inspires our sentiments this evening and our hopes for the future of this paper."

He welcomed also *A Countrywoman's Notes* and the memories of the past which COUNTRY LIFE provided, the pictures of Englishmen abroad, the foreign scene reflected in the letters of correspondents. What would an Englishman be if it were not part of our tradition to give the service of our working lives overseas and to foster the conception of the greatness of England—a greatness which overstepped our

insular bounds and carried our beliefs in order and freedom wherever we might go? Above all those who had recently returned from serving overseas and those who looked on England from abroad had never wished to find her unrecognisable.

Fortunately, as Sir William Beach Thomas had said, "England is the land of rhythmic gradation," and that particular tradition should be preserved in a time of fundamental changes.

He recalled a story told by Winston Churchill, the American novelist, of a party of young men loading up a cart to cross the American Continent. When asked why they were taking a very old man they said, "We are taking him to start a new cemetery with the old tradition."

"Future Needs Shaping!"

"That is carrying tradition too far and it is a great mistake to do that," added Mr. Butler. "We have to seek and establish the proper balance between tradition and novelty, between experience and experiment, between age and youth. It is a great mistake for anyone who intends to live hopefully to look, and to think, backwards and to be under the influence of a nostalgic longing for times that we shall see no more. The future wants shaping much more than the past needs our regrets. The tradition-

On behalf of the staff of COUNTRY LIFE the Editor wishes to thank the many readers who have kindly sent him messages of congratulation on the paper's Jubilee.

alist provides the cement for the rough masonry of the revolutionary. Experiment succeeds only by harnessing experience. Nowhere is this truer than of the countryside, or in particular of the future of the country house. The architecture, the grace, the sense of service of country houses have inspired and animated COUNTRY LIFE for the greater part of this century.

"In the past the country house has been the repository of tradition. Its pictures, furniture, libraries, natural surroundings—above all the standards it has set, have provided the décor in which the Pastons wrote their letters, Chatham graduated in statesmanship, and Gilbert White steeped himself in natural lore.

"Is it too much to hope that COUNTRY LIFE will follow through the future the history of these storehouses of tradition and watch them serve the wider educational and cultural needs of their own district, or possibly become the centres of modernised agricultural estates, though they lose some of the intimacy associated with individual owners? I believe they will be centres of culture for the countryside and that in a variety of ways they will fit into the future we have in mind. That is largely because of the wisdom of the countryman."

Town and Country Coming Together

Wisdom was, indeed, a quality of the countryman, declared Mr. Butler. Sir William Beach Thomas had said: "Wonder and wisdom belong to the country; criticism and knowledge to the town; and knowledge has small value compared to wisdom." Town and country have each contributed something special to the English tradition. There had always been dualism there, but there was the dualism also of the Laughing Cavalier and the Psalm-singing Puritan, types which were recognisable to-day in the champions of Merrie England and Austerity, or, as he had heard them described, those who believed in a diet of beef and beer or those who trusted in one of beetroot and bicarbonate of soda. (Laughter). There were



THE RT. HON. R. A. BUTLER, P.C., M.P.

many other dualisms—those whose beliefs had grown up as authoritarian in matters of Church and State and those who had been rebels in Chapel and Reform. The tendency, however, was for those antagonisms to blend into one strong, kindly whole. Town and country were becoming less antagonistic. With the growth of transport and better housing amenities country and town were moving together. It was the same with other dualisms, and he hoped there would, as a result, be less differentiation between class and class. The process of blending the best of our traditions would be made possible if we cherished and fortified our national character born of the wonder and wisdom of the countryside.

"We must retain the best of country things and country ways," Mr. Butler concluded, "our love of fresh air and of Nature, of beauty in her many forms. We must hold fast to that intimate and gentle friend, our sense of humour. We must bring to the task of rebuilding the wisdom of experience; and we must remember that, whether we be sixty or sixteen, the spirit of Youth is a state of mind, a temper of the will, a vigour of the emotions. Then we shall feel comfort for the future in Disraeli's words: 'England is safe in the race of men who inhabit her; she is safe in something much more precious than her accumulated capital—her accumulated experience; she is safe in her national character, in her fame, in the traditions of a thousand years, and in that glorious future which I believe awaits her.'"

GLORY OF AGRICULTURE

Sir George Stapledon Looks 50 Years Ahead

IN proposing the toast of "Agriculture," Sir George Stapledon declared that only after fifty years of assured markets and assured prices for everything the farmer sold could stability and a surging rise of efficiency and production be achieved. Agriculture was the virgin source of a nation's culture and it was a national calamity that the Ministers of Food had been driven to "so much nutrition and so little gastronomy, so much austerity and so little culture." He was not afraid that mechanisation would ruin the crafts and skills of agriculture. In a reference to town planning he urged the planning of the country first. It would go hard with England unless she made Agriculture her glory and her pride.

Expressing his pride at proposing the toast "on this golden occasion and to this unique gathering of statesmen and sportsmen, men of letters and the land, of art and affairs, Sir George described his feelings as a strange blend of trepidation and excitement—excitement because no matter how wide-ranging and distinguished the company, one could dare to talk about the glory which was Agriculture, and trepidation because glory was "a ware that never comes cheap" and because his ideals were very much the same as those of COUNTRY LIFE—beauty and perfection.

Agriculture Matters Everything

"Oh! but we have all been woefully unregenerate," he went on. "In the good old, bad old, dear old days at the turn of the century—what mattered Agriculture? What, indeed, as long as food was cheap, as long as the turf was plentiful and the going good, as long as there were fine show-point animals in the ring to be admired, argued about and exported, as long as the farmers were tame and quiet and as long as there were not too many of them.

"In the national esteem, Agriculture mattered nothing, and now almost overnight, it matters everything, and we all know it, although there are a good many who don't care to admit it. I remember in my own unregenerate days, turning with avidity to COUNTRY LIFE only to see what, first, Horace Hutchinson, and then, Bernard Darwin had to say about golf. Now I, like perhaps thousands of others whose delight in Bernard Darwin is in no wise dimmed and has become perennial, turn first to Cincinnatus, a well chosen nom-de-plume, for to note the sequence in the Roman's career—

yeoman farmer, warrior, statesman. And now note the sequence in the great warrior-statesmen of our own age—statesman, warrior, farmer.

"There is hope and a message in this. Take to statesmanship again, Ye Farmers!—and Oh, Ye Statesmen, take earlier to the land.

"I turn to Cincinnatus, and to read the latest news from Goodings, that good venture of yours. I am sufficiently old-fashioned to applaud private ventures and free lances and I think sufficiently informed to approve your programme, for in this country we dare not forget how to grow cereals and now, of course, the ley and milk.

"To-day it is idle to think of Agriculture except against the dark background of our age, the darker because we can see and are anxious to penetrate deeper into the clouds than our

of hopefulness, worship at the shrine of technique and mechanisation.

"But, alas!" continued Sir George, "our hands are tied and are not yet spanner-free.

"Agriculture is hamstrung unless we provide ample housing for man and animal, and that means to-day housing for supermen and superwomen (for what every farmer knows is that the woman *does* rule the roost) and for large dairy herds.

Stability in 50 Years

"But given one-tenth of a chance and five long grassy rotations—that's 50 years—of assured markets and assured prices for everything every farmer sells everywhere, then, and only then, shall we achieve stability and a surging rise of efficiency and production."



SIR GEORGE STAPLEDON, C.B.E., F.R.S. Lady Burghley and the Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of London on his right

happy-go-lucky forbears were willing to venture. Already we know there is glory in the venture. We have discerned a rift in the clouds, a rift that the war years thrust wide open, and for a gallant and glorious moment we saw the beyond, saw for the first time the enormous part our own soils could play towards the feeding of our own people. Discerning eyes saw far deeper than that and seeing, realised that we have been wayward custodians of a patch of the richest and least spoilable soil in all the wide world: saw too, glimpses of the ill-nourished teeming millions of the world largely existing on fragile and erodable soils, the very texture and fertility of which we have helped to rob by our insatiable hunger for cheap food at any price!

"Farm Up to the Hilt!"

"Food production in the world is not so much a matter of politics and economics as of morals and a simple rule-of-three sum, and unless the more temperate regions of the world farm up to the hilt, the world is doomed. England dare not for her own sake rest on her ploughs, and will not, because the history of England is enshrined in the setting of imperishable examples to the human race."

Our weapons to-day were technique and mechanisation, of which, on the land, we were supreme. There was no spiritual virtue in output a man-hour, or output a horse-power. Those were only questionable half-gods, while output an unspoiled acre was divine. But in this age of transition, when man must have endless gadgets from the factories, no one-tenth of which were any good to his soul, Agriculture had got to do as best it could without much labour, so that, for the moment, those of the land must needs in self-defence, and in a spirit

Agriculture was a way of life, as was the Civil Service, stock-broking, and journalism. But it was also the virgin source of a nation's culture. To listen to the nutritionists, with their jargon of equivalents, one would think that there was no such thing as culture; they never even mentioned vintage wines, Stilton cheese, prime saddles of mutton and all those things that took care of the greatest arts of husbandry. And anyway what was culture if it was not a discriminating appreciation of values and qualities, and where did culture begin, if not in the kitchen and at the dining-table?

Those were the nurseries of culture, and the land and Agriculture were the wet-nurses, and had been in all ages and with all classes.

"It is a national calamity," Sir George went on, "that Ministers of Food have been driven to give so much attention to nutrition and so little to gastronomy, so much to austerity and so little to culture. And to my certain knowledge less food would have been wasted (never eaten) had the epicureans had more to say.

"But it is the Ministers of Agriculture who have been the greatest offenders, and now I speak with quite alarming experience, for I am in the act of living through my thirteenth Minister (good luck to him!) since I've tried to serve the cause of Agriculture.

"But, Sir—I am sure you share in my distress and anxiety—not one of my baker's dozen has stood up and said 'Agriculture in this industrialised country is more important as the kindergarten of true craftsmanship than even for the food it produces.'

"Real craftsmanship is seeing a job through from start to finish. That's what your ploughman does, your stockman does and every artist
(Continued on page 190)

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XVIII

CHICHESTER-II

THE CAPITAL OF WEST SUSSEX

The mediæval Market Cross and the Georgian Council House are the two most interesting of the city's civic buildings. In West Street there is an almost unbroken sequence of fine buildings, of remarkably varied interest, here described

By ARTHUR OSWALD

CHICHESTER possesses a remarkable number of public buildings, almost all laying claims to architectural distinction and ranging in date from the late 15th-century Market Cross to the new offices housing the West Sussex County Council, built just before the war. Older even than the Market Cross is the Guildhall in Priory Park, for, as we saw last week, after the dissolution of the monasteries the precincts and buildings of the Grey Friars were acquired by the Mayor and Corporation, who preserved the 13th-century chancel of the Friars' church in order to use it for civic purposes. At Chichester one can trace almost the whole history and development of municipal architecture as it has evolved in this country. But not all the buildings used by the various authorities were built for their present purposes. In the last thirty years the policy has been followed of acquiring old houses of character and using them, in some cases temporarily, as offices. The two finest



1.—WEST STREET, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CATHEDRAL AND MARKET CROSS

houses in Chichester—Westgate House and Dodo House in the Pallant—are now no longer in private occupation, the former having become the county library and the latter the offices of the West Hampnett Rural District Council. Similarly the City Council has acquired for its offices an interesting old house in North Street, which was illustrated last week. As a result of this policy, old houses, whose future was in doubt, have been preserved, but in the case of Dodo House it may be questioned whether its attractions as

a private house in a secluded quarter of the city would be any less to-day than they were in the past.

The Market Cross (Fig. 3), the finest and most elaborate of all such mediæval structures now surviving, was the gift to the city of Edward Story, Bishop of Chichester, 1478-1503. In spite of its intricacy, the design is clearly articulated, and the ornament is not allowed to obscure the main lines of the structure. These consist of a charming interplay of ogee forms; those over the eight arches, delicately crocketed, reappear with much stronger emphasis in the eight flying buttresses forming the "crown" and are again echoed in miniature in the arches above the openings of the lantern-like cupola. Further ogees occur above the clock faces, but these were added in 1746. Though often repaired—in the time of Queen Elizabeth and of Charles II (when the bust of Charles I was inserted on the east face), and again in 1724, 1746 and, most recently, in 1930—the structure has lost little of its original character apart from the statues that must once have filled the niches. Within the eight openings there is graceful lierne vaulting, springing from a massive central pier. The cross was built shortly before 1500, and in his will the Bishop left £25 a year for its upkeep. It was mentioned last week that originally the market place, in which it stood, was more open, but the 17th- and 18th-century buildings which now hem it in serve as a simple frame enhancing the richness of this Gothic jewel in stone.

By a continuous evolution the modern town hall has evolved from the market cross, the object of which was to provide shelter for those concluding bargains, to which the cross above gave a solemn and sacred aspect. Possibly, too, it was the spot where the standard weights and measures were enforced. The other type of civic building of mediæval days was the guildhall. Often the two types were combined, the guildhall being raised on posts or arches above the market shelter, giving the familiar market house of our older towns. Later on, the growth of municipal activities led to the need for larger town halls, which then abandoned their stilts and stood firmly on the ground.

At Chichester the guild merchant is known to have existed in the time of William the Conqueror, for in a charter of King Stephen all its rights as they were held in the



2.—GEORGIAN AND MEDIÆVAL. Nos. 53 to 56 WEST STREET, WITH THE BELL TOWER BEYOND

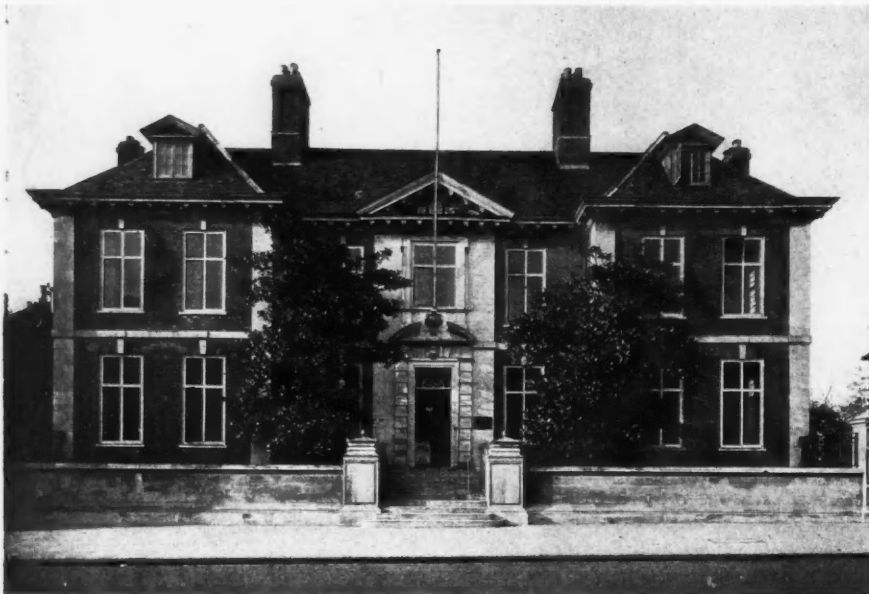


3.—BISHOP STORY'S MARKET CROSS. Late fifteenth century. (Right) 4.—THE COUNCIL HOUSE IN NORTH STREET (1731). Roger Morris, architect

days of William I were confirmed. The first mayor of whom there is record was Emery de Rouen (1239); the city had a common seal some fifteen years earlier; the first town clerk, Richard de Newbury, occurs in the decade 1240-50. Probably the institution of an elected mayor dated from 1226, when the citizens received a grant of the custody of the fee farm of the city. The first guildhall was over the 13th-century undercroft of the Vicars' Hall in South Street. Later, the guildhall seems to have been in North Street, close to St. Peter's Church, and in 1541 the chancel of the Greyfriars Church was adapted for the purpose. In the later Middle Ages the guild merchant became identified, at any rate in its religious aspect, with the Guild of St. George. Overseas trade was Chichester's chief mediæval interest. From the fourteenth century onward it was a staple port for the export of wool and later of cloth. Sir Richard Whittington (of nursery-rhyme fame) was one of the merchants exporting wool from Chichester in Henry IV's reign. The principal industry was needle-making, which survived until the end of the eighteenth century. At the same time its markets and its fairs made Chichester the capital of the surrounding district.

In 1731 the Council House on the east side of North Street (Fig. 4) was built by public subscription. The Duke of Richmond was the chief promoter of the building, and





5.—WESTGATE HOUSE, NOW THE COUNTY LIBRARY
A splendid town house attributed to Wren



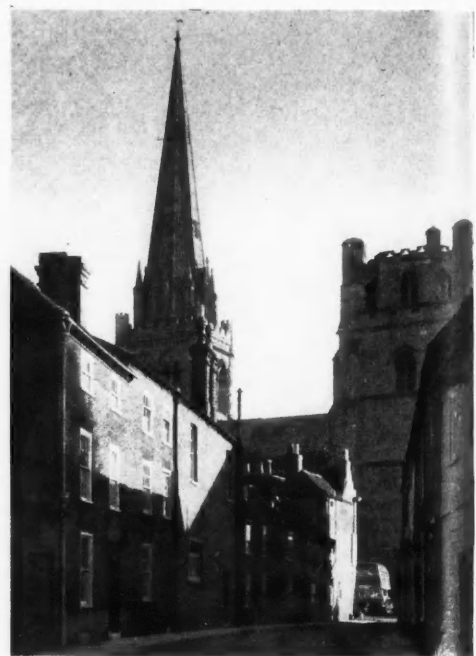
6.—THE DOLPHIN AND ANCHOR, AN OLD COACHING INN



7.—THE NEW OFFICES OF THE WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

the designer (as George Vertue records in one of his notebooks) was Roger Morris. Fresh light was thrown on this little-known Georgian architect in a correspondence in *COUNTRY LIFE* three years ago (Vol. xcv, 342, 423, 604), arising out of Mr. Lees-Milne's discovery of plans and elevations signed by him at Inverary Castle. Morris was the ghost who built for the Earl of Pembroke the exquisite Palladian bridge at Wilton, and Mr. Hussey has suggested that he may have worked for the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood and designed, among other things, the charming little pavilion on the Downs known as Carné's Seat, in view of his association with the Duke over the Chichester Council House.

Raised on arches and built out over the pavement, the building makes a pleasant break in the long street. The façade is a nice piece of classic architecture, although the raised frontispiece of Portland stone has little relation to the rest of the front and masks the ridge of the roof behind. The entablature carries a solid parapet on which a rather uncomfortable-looking lion reclines. The three windows between the Ionic columns and the two end windows



8.—THE SOUTH END OF TOWER STREET

light the council chamber, a Palladian room with a coved ceiling and balancing chimney-pieces, one at either end. Behind the Council House an Assembly Room, designed by James Wyatt, was added in 1783.

Last week, in our tour of the city, we walked down North Street and ended by turning off down the lane leading to St. Martin's Square and paying a visit to St. Mary's Hospital. Let us return to the Market Cross and take a stroll along West Street. Since the demolition of the houses on the south side a hundred years ago, the cathedral has been brought into the picture, but this side of the street, which should be a quiet walk in the shade of the lime trees, is spoiled by a car park and intruding bus shelters. A new bus station and a central car park are two of the city's most urgent needs. The north side of the street is lined by a succession of pleasant buildings, beginning with the long stuccoed front of the Dolphin and Anchor (Fig. 6), with its atmosphere of coaching days and the reminder (in its name) that Chichester has a history as a mercantile port. The new post office (1937), seen beyond, with its

reticent Georgian front of grey and red brick, has the right dignity and the right scale for its position. Some modest Georgian buildings follow, one of them unfortunately marred by unsightly notices, and then comes, by way of contrast, Richard Carpenter's admirable 19th-century church, St. Peter the Great, in impeccable curvilinear Gothic.

On the south side of the street buildings begin to the west of the bell tower. When we stop and look back, its massive, buttressed form provides a splendid foil to the Georgian fronts, some brick, some stuccoed (Fig. 2.) The large house, formerly the Sub-deanery, is in yellow brick; west of it are the Prebendal House and Prebendal School, re-founded by Bishop Story and still preserving portions of mediæval work in its buildings. The houses immediately opposite (Nos. 22-24) are characteristic Chichester fronts (Fig. 9). The one on the left shows an interesting treatment, being faced with metallic grey headers with panels of red brick in vertical strips linking the windows. This and the middle house have typical Georgian pillimented doorways, but the latter also has, intruding into its front, the doorway of its right-hand neighbour, a stuccoed façade of Regency days, and the exiled doorway is *en suite*, a framed inset, as it were.

Proceeding west a hundred yards, we come to Westgate House, and, stopping for a moment to look back again, a fine perspective opens up (Fig. 1), with the cathedral spire and belfry on the right, beyond which the eye is led along to the crown of the Market Cross in the distance, breaking the skyline. Westgate House (Fig. 5), the finest of Chichester's old town houses, is one of three in the city the design of which has been ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren. (The other two are Dodo House and a house, now considerably altered, on the east side of South Street). No evidence in support of the tradition has been forthcoming, but Wren did visit Chichester to report on the cathedral,



9.—GEORGIAN AND REGENCY FRONTS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF WEST STREET (Nos. 22-24)

though twelve years before Westgate House was erected. It was built by John Edes, a nephew of one of the Chichester canons, and completed after his death in 1695 by his widow, Hannah, whose initials appear on the lead rainwater-heads. The design, whether by Wren or another, is excellent and highly characteristic of its time, and it is remarkable in having preserved its original transom windows with leaded panes.

When the offices of the West Sussex County Council (Fig. 7) were built on the site behind, the architectural claims of Westgate House were too strong to be denied. A modification of its forecourt has taken place,

however. The pavement has been widened and a low stone wall set back replaces the old wall of brick, but the two fine magnolias have wisely been kept. The gate piers which flanked the entrance have been moved to perform a similar function to the approach to the offices on one side of the house and they are duplicated by another pair, copied from them, which flank the second entrance on the other side. The ground floor of the building now houses the County Library—not altogether a happy use, as the fine panelling is largely obscured by the introduction of steel book stacks. The upper floor is used partly for club rooms and partly as a caretaker's flat. The new County Council buildings (1936) have been designed to maintain the Georgian character of the city, and, being well set back, they do not bulk too large, as they would do if they formed part of the street frontage. The architect was Mr. C. G. Stillman.

West Street narrows where it reaches the line of the city wall, squeezing between the jambs of the old West Gate, which were retained when the four gateways were pulled down. Beyond, *extra muros*, there are many more excellent Georgian houses with a variety of doorways and other detail, but lack of space precludes us from investigating farther in this direction. Instead, we must be content, before concluding this article, to take a brief glimpse of the two lanes leading northward off West Street.

Both these lanes are lined with 18th- and early 19th-century brick houses which, though of a humbler order than those in the four main streets and the Pallant, group charmingly together and for the most part deserve preservation. Tower Street, the western of the two lanes, debouches opposite the bell tower, to which it owes its name (Fig. 8). Chapel Street (Fig. 10) comes out opposite the east end of the cathedral. On the left of the photograph is the charming front of the old Independent Chapel, of red brick diapered with metallic grey headers. It has twin doorways with triglyph friezes and triangular pediments; above is a range of five round-headed windows. The brick cottages opposite show that even the doorways of the humblest buildings were dignified by pediments, sometimes carried on brackets or consoles.

(To be concluded)



10.—CHAPEL STREET. ON THE LEFT THE OLD INDEPENDENT CHAPEL

GREAT MOMENTS IN ATHLETICS—II

THE HALF MILE: TWO OLYMPIC VICTORS

By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. A. M. WEBSTER

THE two half-milers who have given me, and many others, the greatest thrill of all at that distance, are Douglas Lowe and Tom Hampson. The Americans compared Lowe with a young Greek god, and Dr. Tait MacKenzie made a statue of him. Of Hampson, John Kieran wrote: "Hampson was an undergraduate and an English schoolmaster. He wore spectacles and looked the part."

Lowe's athletic career began when he was still a boy at Highgate School, for in 1920 he won the English Public Schools half-mile championship. The time was 2 minutes 6.8 seconds, and it was clear that a new star had arisen, though it was not so much on account of the time taken as of the way in which he had run and won his race. He went up to Pembroke College, Cambridge, in October, 1921, and

athletes. Abrahams won the 100 metres; E. H. Liddell finished third at 200 metres and won the 400 metres in record time with G. M. Butler third; Lowe won the 800 metres and was fourth in the 1500 metres; and Stallard was third at 1500 metres. In addition, Great Britain was second in the 400 metres relay and third in the 1600 metres relay, while M. C. Nokes, O.U.A.C., took third place in the hammer throw.

The 800 metres was not, as some newspapers said at the time, any matter of a pre-race arrangement between the Cantabs, Stallard and Lowe, that went wrong in the final issue. Each man went to Paris determined to beat the other—if he could. Great Britain was represented by Stallard, Lowe, H. Houghton and Edgar Mountain; the U.S.A., by S. Enck, W. H. Richardson, R. E. Dodge and J. N.

the Olympic Games, had made a new world's record by running 800 metres in 1 minute 50.6 seconds. But there were others—Lloyd Hahn, U.S.A., Phil Edwards, the noted coloured Canadian medical student; Byhlen of Sweden and Englehardt of Germany. Meanwhile Lowe himself had taken to quarter-miling to improve his speed.

The fancied men, all except Peltzer and Paul Martin, came comfortably through the first and second rounds and three of the four Americans entered qualified, together with the Frenchman and one runner each from England, Canada, Sweden and Germany.

Fashions in running change, and it had but recently been realised by athletic scientists that if a man was ever to beat 1 minute 50 seconds for 800 metres he would need to run each of the quarters in approximately the same time. Lowe's lap-times, as I took them from the Press box, were approximately 55.6 seconds for the first lap and 56.2 for the second lap. Another contributory factor to his victory in the final on Tuesday, July 31, was to be found in the fact that on Monday, July 30, Lowe had a very easy passage through the semi-final. Registering about 1 minute 56 seconds, he ran second to Fuller, who returned 1 minute 55.6 seconds. Bylehn and Englehardt had also qualified easily. In the third heat on the Monday, however, there had been a desperate fight between the alleged potential winners, Lloyd Hahn, Phil Edwards and Sera Martin, all three running the distance in about 1 minute 53 seconds.

When the final was called on, the positions were, from the inside, Lowe, Bylehn, Englehardt, Martin, Watson, Hahn, Edwards, Keller and Fuller. Lowe had the cherished position next the pole, and, after one false start, he kept it until the first bend in the track was reached. Then Hahn took over, with Phil Edwards showing darkly at his shoulder and on the outside of Lowe. All this suited the Englishman to perfection, for he liked the pace and he liked the way in which the race was being run. Hahn, who had covered the first 400 metres in 55.2 seconds, led at the bell from Lowe and Edwards, who were quite a bit ahead of Englehardt, Martin and Bylehn. And that is the way they ran in procession until Douglas Lowe jumped the pack as the field came into the straight. He had wisely held back his sprint as long as possible and his previous shorter-distance work paid bumper dividends. His finishing sprint was so fast that all his opponents were left far behind, "beaten by a street," as the times returned show. These were: 1. D. G. A. Lowe, Great Britain, 1 minute 51.8 seconds; 2. E. Bylehn, Sweden, 1 minute 52.8 seconds; 3. H. Englehardt, Germany, 1 minute 53.2 seconds; 4. P. Edwards, Canada, 1 minute 54 seconds; 5. Lloyd Hahn, U.S.A., 1 minute 54.2 seconds; 6. Sera Martin, France, 1 minute 54.6 seconds.

Lowe had set the seal on his great career as an athlete, for he had held almost every title for which he had competed. He had successfully defended his Olympic 800-metres title, something in itself then unique in the history of the Games, and in so doing he made a new Olympic record.

Tom Hampson was a totally different type from Douglas Lowe. He went up to St. Catherine's College, Oxford, in 1926, whereas Lowe had come down from Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1925. So far as I know, these two greatest of English half-milers never met in competition. Hampson went up from Bancrofts, whence his reputation for scholarship, rather than for athletic prowess, preceded him.

I cannot find his name in any O.U.A.C. sports programme up to his last year at Oxford, in which he was awarded a half blue for the half mile against Cambridge. He was a studious chap and one rather feels that he let everything else go by the board while he was working for his degree. Then, perhaps with the end of the university course in sight, he gave rein to his ambition to become an athlete. Yet even he, I



D. G. A. LOWE WINNING THE 800 METRES AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN PARIS IN 1924

opened his university career by winning the Freshmen's half mile by twelve yards in 2 minutes 4.8 seconds. From that day he never looked back. In the inter-varsity sports of 1922 he was third to E. D. Mountain, C.U.A.C., who had run so well in the 1920 Olympic Games, and Bill Milligan, O.U.A.C., in 2 minutes 0.4 seconds. Four wins followed in straight succession: 1923, half mile, 2 minutes 0.8 seconds; 1924, half mile, 1 minute 57.2 seconds, and one mile, 4 minutes 33.2 seconds; and 1925, half mile, 1 minute 57.2 seconds.

The half mile at the Amateur Athletic Association championships held at Stamford Bridge in June, 1924, produced the first of a series of great thrills in which Douglas Lowe was concerned. When the starter's pistol was fired, Lowe went straight to the front, with Henry Stallard, C.U.A.C., and Cyril Griffiths, Surrey A.C., in close attendance. Stallard took the lead on the back straight and led at 440 yards, covered in 56.8 seconds. The race that followed will not soon be forgotten. Two hundred yards from the tape Lowe challenged Stallard strongly, went ahead and was holding a slight lead as the field came round the final curve into the home stretch. But Stallard came again with a great burst, and, stride by stride, they fought out the battle up the straight, Stallard winning from Lowe by less than a yard in 1 minute 54.8 seconds. That performance made Stallard first choice for the Olympic Games to be held in Paris later in the year, in which both he and Lowe were entered ultimately for the 800- and 1500-metres title races. Within a short time, however, there came disquieting rumours that Stallard had a game leg and might not be able to run.

But 1924 was to be a bumper Olympic year for Great Britain, and British universities'

Walters, all potential finalists. The dark horses were Paul Martin, a Swiss medical student, and Charlie Hoff, of Norway, the world's pole-vault record-holder. Debarred from his proper event by an ankle injury, Hoff yet ran with magnificent courage in both the 400- and 800-metres races. Nine of the ten men I have mentioned reached the final.

When the finalists were called out, Stallard, limbering up, seemed to have forgotten his damaged foot, for at the pistol he went straight into a long lead, followed by Houghton. These were surprising tactics for Stallard, who usually preferred a more sedate start. By the end of the first 400-metres lap it was seen that Houghton had shot his bolt. Stallard was now right out in front with Martin, Enck, Dodge, Richardson and Lowe running in a bunch behind him. The Americans clearly intended to run a team race. With but 200 metres to go the field brought Stallard back. Then Lowe, carrying Martin with him, and seeing that Stallard was failing on account of his injured foot, broke away from the Americans. With 100 metres to go they passed Stallard, the issue being now between the British second string and Martin, the Swiss medical student.

Lowe beat Martin by a yard in 1 minute 52.4 seconds, but half a second outside the Olympic record, made on the infinitely faster Stockholm track in 1912 by Ted Meredith, U.S.A. Enck just beat Stallard for third place, the latter falling in a state of collapse when the post was passed. All had run a grand, game race.

There was yet a second Olympic triumph in store for the great English half-miler, for in 1928 he won the 800-metres race at Amsterdam.

The chief of Lowe's probable opponents on this occasion was Sera Martin, a temperamental Frenchman, who, on July 14, right on the eve of

think, had but small idea of the fame he was to achieve on the running-track. None the less, those three years of abstinence from athletics, coming between school and a great public career, may have been all to the good.

The first time most people saw Hampson run, I fancy, was at Stamford Bridge, London, when Cambridge defeated Oxford by seven events to four on March 23, 1929. To many of the spectators he made no very impressive first appearance. He finished a poor fourth to M. H. C. Gutteridge, C.U.A.C., who won in 1 minute 57.2 seconds by twenty yards from W. C. Wentworth, O.U.A.C., and G. E. G. Green, C.U.A.C., who covered the initial 440 yards in 56.8 seconds. That probably set Hampson thinking, for Gutteridge had covered the ultimate 440 yards in 60.4 seconds. Hampson realised that the less difference there was between the two quarter-mile times the better would be the final timing for the whole journey. The Press, in the main, ignored his performance, but the *cognoscenti* smiled, for we knew that

first quarter mile should be anything up to three seconds faster than the second.

Hampson did not hold by that tenet. He held other views, not to be revealed until his racing fitness was fully assured. I think I know what he was after in 1932, that final season of strenuous and intensive training for the Olympic games. I watched and analysed most of his trials and races that year and it dawned upon me that he was after absolutely level-pace running, combined, at first, with the ability to cover any individual 440 yards in exactly 55 seconds. That he could do easily enough, but not the full half mile in 1 minute 50 seconds, even if he ever did so before he got to California. No, what he was after was level-pace all the way, so that if he ran half a mile in, say, 1 minute 56 seconds, then you could be virtually sure that his time for each of the two laps would be something very near to 58 seconds for each quarter mile.

The level pace of his two quarter miles, to make up one whole half mile, that season was incredible, there being, on only one occasion, a difference of more than three-fifths of a second between the times of the first and second laps. Only once did he depart from the strategy upon which he had decided. That was in the A.A.A. versus C.U.A.C. match at Fenners Ground, Cambridge, on June 7. He won by eighteen yards from Mike Gutteridge in 1 minute 55 seconds for a new ground record, but, prior to the race, was persuaded by an athletic correspondent of the Press to revert to Lowe's rule. He therefore covered his first 440 yards in 56 seconds and the second in 59 seconds.

The Press correspondent was jubilant, but forgot that in the previous month Hampson, following out his own new idea, had equalled the all-comers ground record of 1 minute 54.4 seconds when running for the A.A.A. versus O.U.A.C. at Iffley Road, Oxford, where ground records are anything but cheap.

In 1932, with the Olympic games just ahead, Hampson, like the great Douglas Lowe before him, took to quarter-miling to add speed

to his stamina. When, at 3.45 p.m. on August 2, nine finalists from five countries toed the starting-line of the unstringed course at Los Angeles, Edwards, the veteran Negro from Canada, drew the inside berth from Hornbostel, U.S.A.; Peltzer, Germany; Hampson, Great Britain; Genung, U.S.A.; Sera Martin, France; Turner, U.S.A.; Wilson, Canada; and Powell, Great Britain (outside) in that order.

The starter got them away perfectly at the third time of asking. Edwards, who had finished fourth to Lowe in the 800 metres in 1928 and who was backed by training at 440 yards, went away at a pace which opened a seven-yards gap. It looked suicidal, and seemed more so when it was announced that he had run the first lap in 52.8 seconds. After he had held his lead up to the 600-yards mark, Wilson took over, but the Negro stayed right at his shoulder. Hampson up to then had made no apparent effort. In the back stretch, however, he jumped Genung as the American began to go up to the leaders. Wilson, who had dropped to fourth place, moved into second, displacing Hampson and Genung.

Coming round the last bend Wilson passed Edwards in a desperate effort, whereas Hampson produced one of those characteristic, long, gradual accelerations that had always won his races. With fifty yards to go the Englishman and the Canadian were running shoulder to shoulder on dead-level terms, but no spasmodic effort of Wilson's could disturb or slow down the long, steady drive the Englishman had started. With perfect judgment Hampson took the lead at exactly the right place—right on the tape—to win by less than a foot in 1 minute 49.8 seconds—a new world's and Olympic record.

The lesson to be learned from this greatest of all 800-metres races is, firstly, I think, to be found in the fact that Hampson, at last, did what he had planned, by running his first 400 metres in 55 seconds, a difference of only .2 seconds between the two laps.

[The first article in this series appeared in the issue of December 27, 1946.]

MY MASTERS

By JOHN DIMSDALE

MY weakness is for white cats. My servitude began several years ago when a kind friend insisted on giving to my daughter a small white kitten. She—they always seem to be shes, even when guaranteed otherwise—grew into a lovely cat, with yellow eyes and not in the least deaf, as are so many of this colour. There is a strong tradition locally that a white cat brings bad luck upon the household; but the only bad luck that befell my family was in the fate that overtook Mouse herself, as the kitten had been christened.

Of her descendants we now have four. When the last two litters arrived I told myself, quite firmly, that her daughter Daisy and granddaughter Noseball (due to my small son's inability to say Snowball) were sufficient to keep down the rats in the farm buildings. My wife told me that we must keep a white one out of each litter as we would easily find homes for them and, in fact, they were provisionally promised. Needless to say, when the kittens were old enough to be sent away, my entire family attacked me and said that they must stay. And since, as I have said, white cats are my weakness, it was all too easy to break down my resistance.

The garden of the house where we used to live was enclosed by an iron fence reinforced with rabbit wire; not far away on the other side of the fence was a rabbit warren. When I looked out of the drawing-room window on a summer's day, I could see Mouse sitting like a stone statue in the warren, waiting and watching.

Next I would hear her asking to be let into the drawing-room from the hall and, in the background, the patter of little feet. On opening the door to let her in, I would catch a fleeting glimpse of a rabbit going to ground under the chest, or taking exercise up and down the passage. Mouse had by this time lost all interest in the rabbit; with a glance at me, as much as to say "All yours now," she would curl herself up on the sofa and go to sleep.

At other times she would play with her prey on the lawn, then let it go just before anyone could arrive to finish it off. This reluctance to

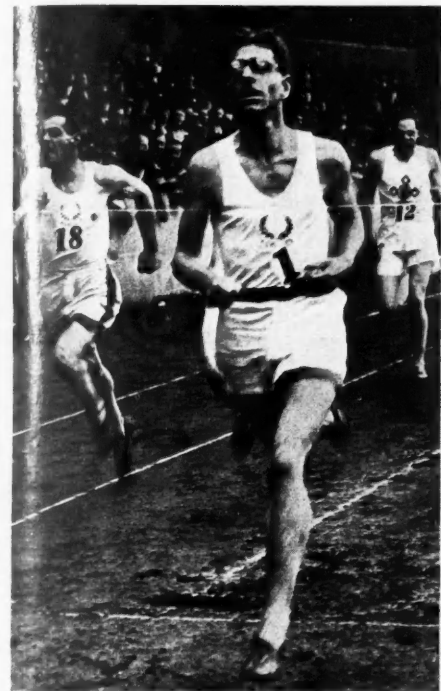
see the business through to its logical conclusion entailed a terrific hunt, all over the garden, which frequently came to an unsatisfactory conclusion.

I could never discover how Mouse caught her rabbits. Anything more conspicuous than a white cat sitting on green grass it is hard to imagine. Her strength must have been considerable, for she carried these rabbits, often full grown, for thirty yards, then jumped the fence and crossed twenty yards of lawn before coming to the house.

She had two peculiarities: one was that she liked going for walks with my wife and myself. When out walking she behaved very differently from a dog, who either trots along at your heels or else dashes madly about. She came along in short bursts; one moment she would be sitting down some way behind you, and the next right at your heels, and this trait has been transmitted to all her descendants. The other peculiarity was that she would answer to her name and usually come when called.

Later on in life she became an inveterate huntress, sometimes staying away for several days. When walking round the farm, knowing that she was off hunting, I would call her at intervals. Often she would appear from a hedge-row or wood, purring "fit to bust," then walk home with me. Her end was very sad and most unlucky: a poacher shot her while she was hunting our own woods.

Her daughter, Daisy, is also a great walker. Once she followed my wife for a mile across the fields, to the next village, in a snowstorm. She, too, is a mighty huntress, but I am glad to say does not stay away for more than a day at a time. Her ability to control dogs, of all varieties from Alsations to dachshunds, has to be seen to be believed. The fox-hound puppies, which we walk for the local pack, very soon learn that they may take no liberties, walking as if in the presence of Royalty—at least three yards behind. Age and many families, which always include at least one white child, are beginning to tell on her; now the best armchair by the fireside is a favourite resort.



TOM HAMPSON, THE FIRST MAN TO RUN 800 METRES IN UNDER 1 MIN. 50 SECS.

a new star was rising, and so put his first failure down to shyness rather than lack of ability—and we were right.

On May 13, Gutteridge beat Hampson again, but only by three yards and the time was 1 minute 56 seconds. In June Cambridge University entertained an A.A.A. team at Fenners. C. Ellis and Tom Hampson both represented the A.A.A. Ellis won by three yards from Hampson, who beat Gutteridge into third place. Ellis had been second in the A.A.A. mile of 1925 and had won that title in 1927 and 1928. He was a strong man of great experience and sound strategy and tactics.

In July, 1929, a combined Oxford and Cambridge team visited Canada and the U.S.A. and Tom Hampson went with it. On his return he consulted various friends about his athletic prospects. The next Olympic Games were to be held at Los Angeles in 1932.

In winning the 880-yards final at the A.A.A. Jubilee championships in 1930 in the new English record time of 1 minute 53.2 seconds Hampson returned 55.4 and 57.8 seconds respectively for each 440-yards—a difference of only 2.4 seconds between the two laps. Tom Hampson's ideas of how a man might beat 1 minute 50 seconds, which is even time for 800 metres, were getting clearer.

Not long before, Douglas Lowe had said, "Among good performers the time taken over the second 440 yards is almost constant, whatever the time over the first 440 may have been." From that came the deduction that the

"COUNTRY LIFE" JUBILEE DINNER—(Continued from page 183)

on the land does, and because they are all artists they do it with love and pride.

"I am not a bit afraid that mechanisation will ruin the crafts and skills of agriculture. There is not a machine in barns, steadings, or fields that dominates the man. Always there is need for rapid adjustment and initiative. I love the chap who, combining cocksfoot, had difficulty to control the air-blast, so he chucked clay into the entrails of the wretched machine, and all was well. That's the spirit of the land, and that's the spirit of England, and only if we take care of the spirit of the land shall we take care of the spirit of England.

"True enough, mechanisation may eliminate many of the patterns and scenes that for

speech to a humorous conjecture of how one could explain British sports to a visitor from Mars. How could one account, for instance, for an athlete running himself to a standstill for pleasure when he was not being chased, or chipping pieces from his knees and ankles by jumping hurdles when going round them would be much quicker? How could one justify boxers giving one another "big whacks" when not in anger, but because it was rather fun, or thirty Rugby players in spotless attire fighting out a match on a cold afternoon and taking away most of the field with them and leaving perhaps an ear or two behind? How could one interpret the game of golf, played with an unnaturally small ball and a club with an

countries. They were determined that that conception should be held by all.

"We believe," added Lord Burghley, "that in these days of international friction, we have a contribution to make in getting out of the vicious circle. I have competed in three Olympic Games and have witnessed another, and I have made some great friendships as a result of those Games. Such an experience must be good for men throughout the world. We feel that in these Games we are not only going to see a great festival of sport, but are going to make a contribution to an understanding among mankind."

In proposing the toast he coupled with the names of COUNTRY LIFE and Sir Frank Newnes, who, he said, had filled a substantial role in sport, had played golf for Cambridge University and had hunted with the Devon and Somerset Stagbonds. He thanked Sir Frank for the great part that COUNTRY LIFE had taken in sport, and in dealing with the great field sports.

Keeping Abreast of Change

In his reply Sir Frank Newnes thanked the speakers and expressed pleasure that so many well-known people associated with interests with which COUNTRY LIFE was closely identified had honoured the occasion with their presence. He paid a tribute to the "loyalty, ability and unstinted service" of the staff, many of whom had been with the firm for thirty years. Young recruits were coming in from time to time; so that the paper was always in touch with new ideas and its outlook was kept fresh and up-to-date. It fully realised that there must be changes in regard to the many aspects of modern life with which it dealt.

When he heard that readers of the advertisement pages wanted to buy two country houses a week, he had a fellow-feeling for them, because his wife wanted to do exactly the same and he had no doubt that that could be said of the wives of most of those present. (Laughter). He hoped that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would so arrange his finances that those ambitions could be realised. (Laughter). The advertisement pages were indeed an important feature of COUNTRY LIFE—though it contained other things as well. (Laughter)—and he would like to pay tribute to the great support which the various advertisers and advertising agents had given for so long and for their co-operation in the policy of keeping the advertisements in line with the artistic nature of the paper.

"We are a paper," concluded Sir Frank, "which is trying to keep up a tradition. Tradition must not mean being out-of-date. We realise the importance of this very deeply, and it will be our one aim and endeavour to maintain our high standard and to see that the future of COUNTRY LIFE is as successful as the past."

Toast of The Guests

Proposing the toast of "The Guests at our Birthday Party," Mr. Bernard Darwin remarked that it was 38 years ago that he first visited the offices of COUNTRY LIFE. He recalled that in the first issue the frontispiece was occupied by the picture of a gentleman, but the House of Lords had died in the last ditch of the first number, for the ladies had charged into the second issue and had held the position unchallenged ever since. He coupled with the toast the name of Sir Alan Herbert, who, he said, appeared to be a split personality—half a valuable M.P., almost wholly serious and half "just A.P.H., the creator of A.P.H.-orisms" (Laughter).

PRESS ENQUIRY

Sir Alan Herbert on "A Stupid Inquisition"

IN a witty reply that evoked frequent applause, Sir Alan Herbert said it was remarkable that anyone should congratulate himself on being alive and publicly active during the past black fifty years, most of which had been years of the celebrated Tory and Liberal misrule during which England had won only three wars and defeated tyranny on the Continent only twice, scientists had done no more than invent and develop such things as the gramophone,



THE RT. HON. LORD BURGHLEY, K.C.M.G., D.L., with Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., on his right and Mrs. R. A. Butler on his left

centuries have been at the core of the beauty of rural England and the poet of the future will hardly sing with Clare of Russet Shookes and Thatch Time Weathered Barns, but, fear not, tractor, combine and drill will safeguard the glorious colour tones, and general pattern of farm lands well and truly farmed."

"Plan the Country First!"

Referring to what he described as a pretty fairy story about a man clothed in invisible assets who parachuted himself from Mars through the barrage of collectors and Customs officers to one of England's worst backwaters, Sir George said that it had a lovely moral for town planners. That moral was "Plan the Country First," for Agriculture was the cradle of man's every aspiration.

"May I remind you," he concluded, "that the farmer every day and all the year round is engaged in the supreme art of giving effectiveness to truth, for his art compels the imitation of Nature in her own manner of operation. In this New World I believe, and we all know it in our hearts, that it will go hard with England unless England makes Agriculture her glory and her pride."

AMATEUR SPORT

Lord Burghley On Its Value in World Understanding

THE toast of "Sport" enabled Lord Burghley to speak of the contribution which he hoped the Olympic Games, to be held in London next year, would make to an understanding among mankind in the present international friction. Sport, he said, was the great common denominator of all peoples, and the British conception of amateur sport was held by many other countries.

Lord Burghley devoted the first part of his

undersized head and with an accompanying flow of bad language?

He saw a great kinship between soccer and racing, for they attracted bigger crowds than any other sport and had a great following of people who engaged in a slight flutter and who would undoubtedly be found, if a post-mortem examination were to be made on them, to have the name of a football pool written on their hearts. For them one might shed a tear, since they were soon to receive the embraces of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, however, must nourish a great secret sorrow that his embraces were received so widely without enthusiasm and so often with the possibility of evasive action.

Lord Burghley went on to say that COUNTRY LIFE, which, despite its fifty years, had solved the problem of eternal youth, had played a tremendous part in helping British sport in the highest tradition, and a deep debt of gratitude was due to the paper for its articles, pictures and notes. Next year the greatest festival of amateur sport was going to be revived in this country, for the Olympic Games were to be held in London for the first time for forty years. That was a tremendous undertaking, for seventeen major events would be decided, and it was fortunate that there was an enormous body of amateur sportsmen who were competent to organise it. He was chairman of the organising committee, which was anxious to get the foundations well laid before announcing details.

The British Ideal

These Olympic Games with their centuries-long history were not merely a series of international contests. They went far deeper than that. They emphasised the truth that sport was the great common denominator of all peoples and that the British conception of amateur sport was held by many other

electric trains, the motor car, the talking film, radio and television, not to mention such trifles as penicillin and insulin, speed records by land and sea and air had been broken and the whole social structure of the country was being relentlessly pushed by the wicked Tories into an abyss from which only now His Majesty's Ministers were, thank God, rapidly, quietly and modestly about to extricate us. Mr. Attlee, always a modest man, had said two years ago that we were beginning a new era; he hoped it would not prove a new chimera. (Laughter).

Referring to the enquiry which was to be held into the conduct of the Press, he emphasised that the indictment was that it distorted the news. How would COUNTRY LIFE come out of all that? How did we know that there had been no tendentious articles on the willow-warbler; that all those pictures of fat and pumpos cows had no subtle political significance; that *A Countryman's Notes* was wholly free from class bias; and that all those beautiful pictures of the houses of the past were not deliberately intended as a reflection on the building effort of to-day?

There was a charge that editors were ground down by brutal directives as to what they should say. The picture of proprietors giving writers a continual stream of new ideas was a new, delightful and surprising one. In his experience the opposite had been the case. He believed that Lord Kemsley, the chief villain of the ill-conceived melodrama, gave two principal directives to his papers—one that there should be "no dirt," and the other that there should be no callous intrusion into private grief. What a shocking interference with the truth, and how did we know that COUNTRY LIFE was not ground down by a similar tyranny. (Laughter).

Prejudice for Weeklies

He had a prejudice for weeklies, for they were the great filters of nonsense and the reservoirs of wisdom. He thought the British Press did the country fair credit and that it was the last institution about which it should have been thought fit to start a pompous and stupid inquisition. He resented the suggestion that the Press, whether proprietors or writers, was in a great conspiracy to distort news, in other words tell lies. Journalism was not a safe or easy job or one in which attention to routine and punctual attendance at an office would command success. Chesterton had said that journalists were men permitted to scribble on the backs of advertisements—of course, to-day there were far fewer advertisements—but, in fact, every day brought a new adventure and demanded new ideas.

How nice it would be if we were all nationalised and provided with ideas by some clever Government department, especially if all the papers got the same ideas, as happened, he believed, in the enlightened country of Russia. Every newspaper man had great power for good or ill in the minds of millions and for spreading light or darkness all over the world. He thought that we had no particular cause for shame and could hold our head pretty high. (Applause).

During the dinner the New English Singers sang a madrigal, a canzonet, ballads and folk songs, and entertainment was also given by Miss Joyce Grenfell, the diseuse. A copy of *Fifty Years of COUNTRY LIFE*, by Bernard Darwin, was presented to each guest.

LIST OF THE GUESTS

Among those who accepted invitations to the dinner were the following:—

Lord Aberconway, Messrs. J. K. Adams, E. Ainger, W. H. Aldington, P. H. Aldridge, Bernard Alton, D. P. Anderson, James Anderson, Sir John Anderson, M.P., Messrs. Reginald Arkell, A. R. Arrowsmith, Leigh Ashton, Searle Austin.

Messrs. John M. Bacon, C. F. Baldry, W. E. Barber, Miss Phyllis Barclay-Smith, Messrs. Harry Barnes, J. L. Bedington, Roy Beddington, G. E. Beharrell, E. Glanville Benn, Sir Thomas P. Bennett, Messrs. Michael F. Berry, O. Bertram, Bertram J. H. Billing, Gordon Bogon, Major-General J. A. M. Bond, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Messrs. E. W. Boot, H. T. W. Bousefield, Trevor A. Bowen, W. Le Neve Bower, E. C. Bowyer, A. J. Boyles, L. S. M. Braund, H. Brealey, Viscount

Bridgeman, Sir Harry Brittain, Messrs. Ivor Brown, S. James Brown, Claude H. Browne, Lt.-Col. T. B. Browne, Messrs. George Bryden, George D. Bryson, A. M. Burberry, A. C. Burdon, Southcott Burge, W. Burgess, Lady Burghley, Lord Burnham, Lt.-Col. Percy C. Burton, Mrs. R. A. Butler, Mr. E. M. I. Buxton.

Mr. Laurence J. Cadbury, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Calkin, Mr. F. J. Camm, Miss C. E. Camplin, Mr. R. W. Card, Miss Nellie Carson, Professor H. G. Champion, Messrs. I. O. Chance, H. T. Chapman, P. R. Chappell, Sir Lawrence Chubb, Messrs. Richard Church, H. L. Clarkson, W. Cleverdon, H. Clifford-Smith, Maurice Clowes, Lady Georgina Coleridge, Mr. J. M. Connell, Miss M. Coules, Messrs. E. G. Court, Cabot Coville, Sir William Crawford, Mr. A. Croxton-Smith, Colonel R. S. Cumming, Messrs. L. J. Cumner, L. R. Curtis.

Messrs. James S. Dakers, Robert E. Dangerfield, Dr. C. D. Darlington, Mrs. Bernard Darwin, Messrs. C. N. T. Davenport, R. M. Davis, J. Wentworth Day, Miss Audrey Deans, Messrs. Stanley D. Dickson, S. H. Dingley, Thomas Dixon, Patrick Dolan, R. H. Dolton, V. P. Doyle, James W. Drawbell.

Messrs. W. G. Eade, T. W. Earle, A. Trystan Edwards, C. W. Edwards, Lionel Edwards, Ralph Edwards, Harold W. Eley, W. H. F. Emmett, Frank England, James F. Erskine, A. Everett-Jones.

Messrs. B. W. Fagan, R. S. Falk, L. W. Farrow, William Fife, C. H. Fison, W. J. Fitzgerald, Sir Henry

Mann, H. Mannall-Eastwood, W. S. Mansfield, B. T. Marcouse, W. J. Marrable, Sir Edward Marsh, Mr. F. B. Marsh, Miss Hilda Marsh, Sir Alec Martin, Mr. D. M. Matheson, Miss Cecil Mattingly, Messrs. J. N. McClean, Stuart McClean, D. M. McCleary, K. McDowall, Wm. A. McWhirter, S. V. Meakins, Lord Middleton, Mr. R. J. Minney, Miss H. Mole, Messrs. E. Molloy, Ronald Monroe, Sir Anderson Montague-Barlow, Messrs. Norman Moore, R. W. Moore, Stanley Morison, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Morris, Rev. C. B. Mortlock, Messrs. John Mulholland, H. C. R. Mullens, F. J. W. Musselwhite.

Messrs. G. A. E. Neville, L. Hugh Newman, Lady Newnes, Messrs. F. A. Nicholson, W. C. Nisbett, Lt.-Col. C. M. Norrie, Messrs. E. O. Norton, C. D. Nottle, R. L. H. Nunn.

Dr. W. G. Ogg, Messrs. P. C. Oldfield, F. J. Osborn, W. E. Osborne, A. S. Oswald, H. A. Oughton.

Messrs. D. D. Parnell, J. W. Parris, J. W. Pearce, Ronald K. Pearce, W. J. Pearce, James P. Pearson, Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, Messrs. Alfred Pemberton, G. Pemberton, A. T. Penman, Lord William Percy, Brig.-Gen. C. E. Lucas Phillips, Messrs. G. Burnard Phillips, J. W. Phillips, S. W. Phillips, M. Pick, Fred C. Pickles, Miss Frances Pitt, Mr. H. J. Plumridge, The Earl of Portsmouth, Mr. W. A. Poucher, Sir Alan Powell.

Mr. Bernard Rackham, Sir Harry Railing, Mrs. H. M. Rait-Kerr, Messrs. K. Rawlins, C. P. Redgrove, P. B. Redmayne, C. Calcott Reilly, Sir Charles Reilly,



SIR ALAN HERBERT, M.P., with the Rt. Hon. Sir John Anderson, M.P., G.C.B., G.C.I.E., F.R.S., and the Hon. John Mulholland on his left

Floyd, Messrs. J. W. Ford, J. Fowler, Miss Dorothy Freeborn, Messrs. A. S. Fromow, A. Fryers.

Messrs. Leslie Gamage, Sidney T. Garland, Sir William Gavin, Messrs. R. P. Gaze, E. M. Gilbert, William M. Gillies, A. Glasse, Noel L. Godber, Walter H. Godfrey, F. Gooding, E. Harold Goodman, Geoffrey Goodyear, Sir Patrick Gower, Messrs. Cyril R. Greenhill, David Greenhill, James M. Greenwood, John Gunn.

Mr. Geoffrey Haddon, Sir Henry M. Hake, Messrs. A. E. Hale, H. Austen Hall, C. L. Hallas, Allan Hally, George Hally, Viscount Hambleden, Sir John Hamerton, Mr. J. Hanbury-Williams, Lt.-Col. J. E. Hance, Mr. E. Marshall Hardy, Lord Harmsworth, Messrs. Geoffrey Harmsworth, Walter J. Harrap, James C. Harris, J. E. Harrison, Lowell Hartley, Macdonald Hastings, Percy A. Hawke, Michael Haworth-Booth, Ralph Hazell, Raymond R. H. Hazell, Miss Alice M. Head, Sir Ambrose Heal, Messrs. Anthony S. Heal, Arthur J. Heighway, A. G. L. Hellyer, Philip Hendy, H. G. Henly, Sir Patrick Hennessy, Colonel Jasper Henson, Lady Herbert, Messrs. Clyde Higgs, William Hinks, Geoffrey D. Hobson, P. Hocking-Baker, Lord Hollenden, Lord Horder, Messrs. S. W. Horsfield, F. Horwood, the Rev. Vincent Howson, Messrs. B. P. Hubbard, G. Bernard Hughes, John G. P. Hunt, Edward W. Hunter, G. Noel Hunter, Anthony Hurd, M.P., and Mrs. Hurd, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hussey, Miss Hutton.

Mr. Collingwood Ingram, Sir Herbert Ingram, Lady Ingram, Mr. Robert J. Ingram.

Messrs. H. Jackson-Stops, Frank D. James, Major C. S. Jarvis, Messrs. L. Stanley Jay, B. M. Jeffrey, G. A. Jellicoe, R. Jensen, Cyril Jones, Sir Francis Joseph, Miss Margaret Jourdain.

Mr. Cuthbert Kelly, Miss N. W. Kennedy, Lord Kennet of the Dene, Lady Kennet, Mr. Cyril Kew, Captain C. W. R. Knight.

The Bishop of London (Dr. J. W. C. Wand), the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Bracewell Smith), Sir Walter Lamb, Messrs. Ivor Lambe, Frank Lancaster, J. H. Lane-Fox, Miss M. Elizabeth Lascelles, Mrs. M. D. Law, Sir Walter Layton, Messrs. Donald Lea, W. R. Leathes, A. D. C. Le Sueur, H. D. L. Leveson-Gower, S. L. Lewington, B. M. Lindsay Fynn, R. A. Loader, Sir Guy Locock, Messrs. F. Brodie Lodge, W. H. J. Long, H. C. Longley, J. F. W. Loveday, H. W. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lush, Mr. Robert Lutvans.

Mr. D. T. Macfie, Sir Eric R. D. MacLagan, Messrs. C. J. Macpherson, W. A. Mailey, R. Mallett, H. H. Mallott, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Mander, Messrs. James G.

Miss P. Joyce Reynolds, Professor A. E. Richardson, Sir Jasper Ridley, Mr. Victor Riley, Miss Margaret Ritchie, Messrs. E. J. Robertson, Sidney Rogerson, R. Rook-Jones, Sir Reginald C. Rootes, Sir William Rootes, Messrs. W. A. Rouch, George S. Royds, Sir E. J. Russell, Mr. H. F. Russell, Mr. N. Rycroft.

Sir E. J. Salisbury, Messrs. T. S. Sanders, Kenneth Sanderson, Miss F. Sangster, Messrs. P. Gordon Saunders, H. G. Saward, V. J. Sayles, Lt.-Commr. Peter Scott, Messrs. Philip Scott-Martin, Lionel W. Shackel, James Shand, C. C. Sharp, Robert Sharp, Colonel C. J. de B. Sheringham, the Hon. Cyril D. Siddeley, Messrs. Alexander C. Siese, F. R. Simpson, A. E. Sims, O. C. A. Slocock, W. A. Slow, E. A. Smece, Captain E. C. Eric Smith, Dr. Malcolm Smith, Messrs. Thomas E. Smith, T. O. Smith, Charles Snelling, Alec G. Spence, Miss Brenda E. Spender, Mr. D. R. Spendlove, Sir A. Dykes Spicer, Mr. M. Spilman, Captain Jack J. H. Spink, Messrs. Howard Spring, Paul C. P. Stanley, Lady Stapledon, Mr. Theo. A. Stephens, Miss Ann Stephens, Colonel F. C. Stern, Messrs. A. F. Martin Stewart, R. S. Summerhays, John Summerson, N. Sutherland, Miss Joyce Sutton.

Mr. J. A. Tait, Sir Stephen Tallents, Messrs. G. C. Taylor, H. Cecil Taylor, John H. Taylor, F. E. Thomas, Sir Miles Thomas, Lt.-Col. W. E. Thompson, Messrs. James Thomson, P. H. Thomson, Captain Bernard Thorpe, Messrs. W. A. Thorpe, Francis J. Toms, S. Dunn Toon, Fred Treveatt, G. H. Tringham, Mrs. S. C. Tufnell, Mr. Dudley T. Turner.

Messrs. Amery Underwood, W. J. Unwin, F. A. Upperton.

Sir Donald E. Vandepere, Colonel A. N. C. Varley, Messrs. A. H. Vicars, S. H. Vincent, T. Vincent, Colonel Oscar V. Viney.

Messrs. H. Frank Wallace, Claude E. Wallis, F. R. Ward, Colonel George Warden, Lord Wardington, Messrs. Eustace F. S. Watkins, V. Watlington, J. Goddard Watts, Lt.-Col. F. A. M. Webster, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. R. F. West, the Mayor of Westminster (the Hon. Greville Howard), Messrs. H. Stanley Wharton, Laurence Whistler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitaker, Messrs. J. N. Whitmill, A. M. Wigan, Clough Williams-Ellis, Walter Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hedley Willis, Messrs. Will. B. R. Willsmore, E. Windover, F. Winthrop-Young, Sir Robert Witt, Professor G. H. Wooldridge, Messrs. Leslie P. Woolf, R. Woolley, Major R. M. Woolley, Mr. Henry Wynmalen.

Mr. H. W. Yoxall.
Mr. T. J. Zimmerman.

CORRESPONDENCE

WAXWINGS VISIT
THE MIDLANDS

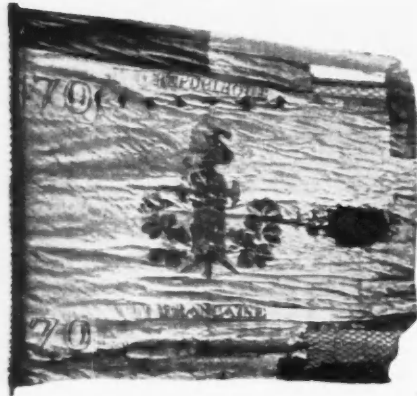
SIR,—With reference to the letter (December 6, 1946) about waxwings in Ayrshire early in November, we had seven of these birds in the garden here, feeding on cotoneaster and berberis berries, at the end of December. They were very tame, and did not seem to mind cars coming and going, or dog and children running about.

We got within a few yards of them, and only two appeared to have the red on the wing. Were the others females or young birds?—PATIENCE SCOTT-COCKBURN, *Copse Lodge, Brackley, Northamptonshire.*

[There has been a considerable irruption of waxwings into the British Isles from Northern Europe this winter. The majority have been reported from the east coast, and few seem to have penetrated far inland. Most of those seen by our correspondent were probably females or first-winter males, both of which have a smaller amount of red on the wing than have adult males.—ED.]

IRISH BATTLE TROPHY

SIR,—In the north aisle of the venerable Cathedral of Armagh, built in the thirteenth century on the site of Ire-



A FRENCH STANDARD CAPTURED IN IRELAND

See letter: Irish Battle Trophy

land's first cathedral founded by St. Patrick, there hangs the standard of the 70th French demi-brigade taken at the Battle of Ballinamuck in County Longford, fought on September 7, 1798, by the 8th or Armagh Regiment of Militia.

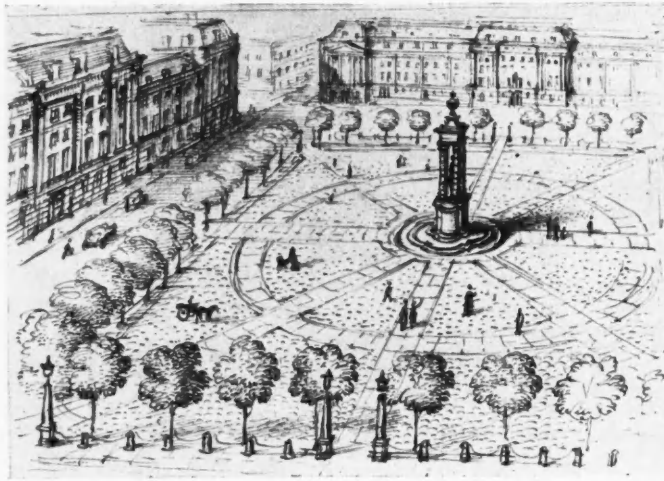
This battle decided the fate of General Humbert's French expeditionary force in Ireland.

The colour is the only enemy one ever captured in the Emerald Isle by a Militia Regiment. The charge in the centre represents the axes and rods of the victors surrounded by oak leaves, a badge adopted by the French Republic, and is surmounted by the *rouge bonnet*, the red cap worn by the French Revolutionists.

The Armagh Regiment of Militia became later the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and in 1891 Colonel Simpson and other officers of this battalion deposited the captured colour in the Cathedral.—C. J. ROBB, *Drumhariff Lodge, Loughgall, Co. Armagh.*

ANOTHER WOMAN PIPE
SMOKER

SIR,—Apropos of the article *Portrait of a Roaring Girl* (December 6, 1946), you may like to see the enclosed picture, by George Cuit, of Isabella Tinkler, known also as Tibby, who died at Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1794, aged 92, and appears to have been as extraordinary a character as Mrs. Mary Frith.



A DESIGN BY REX WHISTLER FOR A NEW LAY-OUT OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, MADE BEFORE THE WAR

See letter: The Roosevelt Memorial

She was a bookseller, then the only one in the town, and few in her trade knew more of books, their histories, prices, etc. She is seen sitting in her shop smoking a pipe, and but for her dress might be mistaken for a man. The partly knitted stocking on the shelf by her was probably an additional means of income, as the town at that time did a lucrative trade in knitted stockings and woollen nightcaps with the Netherlands.—MARIE HARTLEY, *Coleshouse, Ashrigg, Yorkshire.*

SUBSTITUTES
FOR GIN TRAPS

SIR,—I have read Mr. John A. Wilson's letter on substitutes for gin traps (December 20, 1946) with great interest as it deals with a subject that the R.S.P.C.A. has very much at heart. It is true that the Society has offered a £300 prize to the inventor of a rabbit-trap that is both efficient and humane, and the competition is still open, but Mr. Wilson will be relieved to hear that important developments are now at

hand, details of which cannot yet be made public.

In the meantime, however, we are prepared to demonstrate many excellent substitutes for the gin trap, as well as gassing methods, all of which are effective in exterminating rabbits in accordance with the instructions of the Ministry of Agriculture, yet without the infliction of intolerable suffering.—S. G. POLHILL, Acting Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105, *Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.*

THE ANTLERS AT
POWERSCOURT

SIR,—Your photograph of the staircase at Powerscourt, Co. Wicklow, in your issue of December 6, 1946, shows a splendid pair of antlers. Except at the International Sports Exhibition, held in London shortly before the war, I have not seen its equal. As far as I can note it has at least 26 points.

I would be glad to know the species—perhaps red deer—and if any history of it has been preserved.—CHARLES B. HORSBRUGH, 84, *York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, Battersea, S.W.11.*

[The collection of stags' heads at Powerscourt can scarcely be matched elsewhere. It was made during the latter half of the last century, by the seventh Viscount Powerscourt, who scoured Germany, Austria and Central Europe generally, for antique, exceptional, and deformed heads, beside prints, *Lusterweiben* (chandeliers made of antlers) and other trophies of the chase. The head on the stairs referred to is one of the 17th- or 18th-century Continental specimens, and, we understand, used to hang outside the Market-place in Vienna. There seems no doubt that it is that of a red deer.—ED.]

THE BROCKEN
SPECTRE

SIR,—Recent correspondence about the Brocken Spectre reminds me of an experience I had years ago when stalking in Benula Forest, Ross-shire.

I had climbed in a thick mist to a ridge about 2,000 ft., and the sun was high on my right. Suddenly the mist parted and on my left appeared

the shadows of myself and the stalker. I tapped him on his shoulder and he immediately dropped to the ground, thinking I had seen deer. He turned to look and stood up, and as he did, his shadow rose with him. The mist came over us, and in a few seconds the phenomenon disappeared. Our shadows were semicircled by a faint rainbow.—R. E. MYDDELTON (Col.), *Turf Club, Piccadilly, W.1.*

THE ROOSEVELT
MEMORIAL

From the Duchess of Westminster.

SIR,—I have a charming drawing by Rex Whistler of a new plan for the gardens of Grosvenor Square, which he drew for my husband before the war. It may interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE to see his proposal in view of the discussions in connection with the Roosevelt Memorial. The whole drawing is only 3 ins. by 4½ ins.—LOELIA WESTMINSTER, 15, *Grosvenor Square, W.1.*

[The interesting points in Rex Whistler's proposal, made, of course, long before any particular memorial was contemplated are:—

1. The reversion to something like the original formal lay-out of the Square, with provision for diagonal paths.

2. The employment of architecture, in the form of columns carrying



A DETAIL OF AN UNUSUALLY FINE STAG'S HEAD IN THE POSSESSION OF VISCOUNT POWERSCOURT

See letter: The Antlers at Powerscourt

a canopy over the statue, to give the necessary height and dominance to the memorial.

It is the lack of analogous architectural "elevation" that is largely responsible for the widespread sense of disappointment with the Roosevelt Memorial design. It is felt, we think rightly, that a statue, even accompanied by a formal lay-out, will not be of sufficient bulk and height to assert itself adequately in so large a space. Its placing beneath a stately "baldochino," as Rex Whistler instinctively visualised, would automatically surmount this problem—and produce a far more impressive monument. The occasion is obviously one for the co-operation of architecture and sculpture, the former represented by an exponent as eminent as the latter.—ED.]

THE KISSING BOUGH

SIR,—I was very interested in the article in your issue of December 6, 1946, on the Kissing Bough. It reminded me of the substitute that my

(Continued on page 195)



ISABELLA TINKLER IN HER BOOKSHOP AT RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE

See letter: Another Woman Pipe Smoker

wife made one Christmas, when she used a wooden hoop supported horizontally by half a dozen strings converging on a hook. Unfortunately, all she knew was that her parents made one for her brothers and sisters, but whether her mother brought the idea from Oxfordshire, or whether her father used some local inspiration, is not ascertainable. In any case, the result was almost identical with the Crown design.

When I was a boy in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the 1870s we made what we called a Wassail Bob, by using two hoops, which produced almost the same result as the globular design.

I have tried to trace the development of the Wassail Bob. I have no doubt whatever that originally it had nothing to do with Christmas. The first line of our song indicated that: "Here we come a-wassailing among the leaves so green." No doubt it was some pagan rite connected with blessing the crop, and its original intent was forgotten.

I have a very good example of how this may happen: we visited Austria during the Lent of 1924, and found that in the country parishes the clock chimes had all been silenced, but so that the field workers might know when to cease work for meals, etc., the parish priests sent out half a dozen schoolboys with very loud



IN THE DRIVER'S CAB. A FRIENDLY KESTREL

See letter: A Railway Hawk

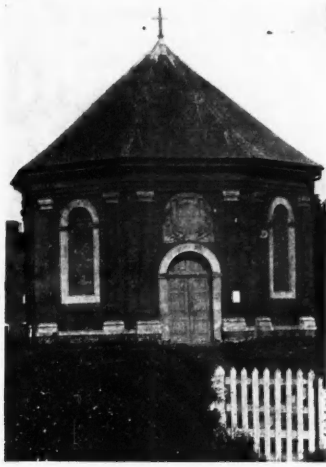
rattles. The boys perambulated the lanes twirling their rattles, which were most effective. The rattles were decorated with evergreens and flowers (Christmas roses) and one can quite imagine how, in the passage of the centuries, the original object could be forgotten and the symbol take its place. Some such transition probably took place before the lantern of the wassailer became the kissing bough of the twentieth century.—ROBERT S. FOX, Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire.

CHEAP FUEL

SIR,—The recent article *Running Power Stations on Peat* prompts me to send you the enclosed photograph of a young boy of Brandon, County Kerry, loading turf on to his cart. The families of Brandon each rent a quarter of an acre of bog-land from the Eire Land Commission. The rent charged varies from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per annum, and a quarter of an acre will produce sufficient peat to last an average family from 25 to 30 years.—F. J. PATERSON, 56, Broad Road, Sale, Cheshire.

1848 OXFORD DRAG PRINTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—It was with great interest that I read Mr. P. S. Watkins's letter *Collectors' Questions*, October 4, 1946), about the coloured prints of the 1848 Oxford Drag. My father, John Blades



THE OCTAGON CHAPEL AT MOULTON, BUILT IN 1722 BY THE VERMUYDEN BROTHERS

See letter: An Octagonal Chapel

Currey, who was at B.N.C. about 1848 or 1849, had the complete set of 4, and I have known them well for over 70 years. I have often heard my father mention Jimmy Allgood—one of those mentioned in the list given by your correspondent. Those who possess sets will doubtless be surprised to hear that a set has been in distant South Africa for nearly 100 years.—C. C. CURREY, Grahamstown, South Africa.

A RAILWAY HAWK

SIR,—Hawks as a rule are afraid of man, but the photograph I enclose shows a kestrel confidently perched on the shoulder of an engine-driver.

During a journey between Barnstaple and Taunton it flew into the engine cab, much to the surprise of the driver, but although alarmed at first by its unusual surroundings it soon settled down and made itself at home on a seat by the look-out window. It made no objection to being taken to the driver's home at the end of the journey, and was quite content to be carried back to the engine cab when he returned to duty. It travelled each day on his 50-mile run for some time.

Unfortunately, its liking for bright objects eventually brought disaster,

for one day when the door of the fire-box was open it dived into the flames and perished.—C. A. CHADWICK, 85, Beresford Avenue, Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey.

AN OCTAGONAL CHAPEL

SIR,—Moulton Chapel, about six miles from Spalding in Lincolnshire, is an unusual and little-known building, planned in the form of an octagon, and suggesting in its fine brickwork the influence of the Low Countries. It can indeed be claimed to be largely Dutch, for many of the bricks are incised with the initials of the old Dutch builders, the Vermuyden Brothers, who, in 1722, when this church was built, were engaged in the vast drainage system that has proved the salvation of the Fen country. A stone over the door records the fact that the chapel was erected in 1722. It is really a chapel-of-ease. The church has an endowment of £370 a year, with a resident minister, and the living is in the gift of the Vicar of Moulton.—S. J., Spalding, Lincolnshire.

DOGS AND PICTURES

SIR,—With reference to Major Jarvis's notes about dogs and pictures in a recent issue of *COUNTRY LIFE*, I remember a terrier puppy, which was playing on the floor of the dining-room, suddenly looking up and seeing a picture of a shepherd and his collie, and barking at it.

The picture was an oil painting by Briton Rivière, entitled *Bad News*. A shepherd in his smock is leaning over a stone wall with a newspaper in his hand, and the collie is looking up at him wondering what is the matter. The landscape is covered with snow.

The bark of that puppy was a compliment to the artist, and, I think, a well-deserved one.—ANTHONY BUXTON, Horsey Hall, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S BEDSTEAD

SIR,—In the church at Hambleden, Buckinghamshire, there is some richly carved Early Tudor panelling, said to have formed part of Cardinal Wolsey's bedstead. It is divided by richly moulded and carved shafts into eight compartments, in which appear the arms of Wolsey surmounted by a cardinal's hat, the royal arms and the arms of Bishop Fox enclosed in the garter under a mitre. The last are shown in the accompanying photograph.

It is difficult to account for the presence of the arms of Wolsey and Fox together, although on the latter's death Wolsey was given the bishopric of Winchester in commendam, an office which he held for only a few months. The bed might, therefore, have been made for one of the Bishops of Win-

chester's houses. There is, however, a tradition that the bed was acquired at a sale at the old Bishop's Palace at Fingest, a possession of the Bishops of Lincoln, which see Wolsey held for a short time in 1514. Another suggestion that has been made is that this piece of furniture came from the Vyne in Hampshire.—CLIVE LAMBERT, London, S.W.1.

THE FROG IN THE MOULD

SIR,—I required a reproduction of a frog in metal, true to life, and for this purpose intended to make a casting from a plaster-of-Paris mould.

The live frog was anaesthetised in a glass jar, and, after waiting for five minutes from the time that no movement of any sort had been observed, I placed the inert body on a glass plate and poured liquid plaster-of-Paris



ARMS OF BISHOP FOX ON EARLY TUDOR PANELLING IN HAMBLEDEN CHURCH
The panelling is said to have formed part of Cardinal Wolsey's bedstead

See letter: Cardinal Wolsey's Bedstead

round it up to the median line, working the plaster well into all the interstices with a brush.

When this half was well set (in about ten minutes) it was sprayed with oil, and plaster was poured over the rest of the body. This was left for sixteen hours, and since the two halves of the mould were reluctant to separate, the mould was placed in the sun, and three hours later I took it up in order to prise it open.

Imagine my surprise when the two halves fell apart and out jumped the frog, apparently none the worse from having been "dead" and embalmed to a depth of over half an inch in superfine plaster-of-Paris for nineteen hours. There were no blow-holes in the mould through which the frog could have breathed, the imprints of its mouth and nostrils being well defined in the plaster.—KENELM ARMYTAGE, Mossy Copse, Cranleigh, Surrey.

[This account reminds us of the old story of the toad in the rock, when quarrymen discover a living toad in the stone and jump to the conclusion it has been embedded there for a great period. Frogs and toads, as our correspondent's narrative shows, are extraordinarily tenacious of life, but there is a limit, even with them, and we believe that the toad in the rock is never so completely embedded as first appears, having in fact a crack or crevice by which it got in and would have got out again but for being disturbed. However, this account, based on actual experience, shows the amazing endurance of these creatures.—ED.]



LOADING PEAT AT BRANDON, COUNTY KERRY

See letter: Cheap Fuel

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Old Izaak Walton could write of inns as well as of angling. "We went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board half the day". And again—"I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator!" It is not surprising that to this day the most placid of sports should be associated with such inns as the "Fisherman's Rest" and the "Angler's Arms"—quiet havens by pool and stream.

Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake

NEW BOOKS

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC WITH CHINA

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. MAURICE COLLIS's new book is called *Foreign Mud* (Faber, 21s.). It is an "account of the opium imbroglio at Canton in the 1830s and the Anglo-Chinese war that followed." Those who know Mr. Collis's work will realise that this is a theme excellently suited to his method. As the historian of certain episodes of life in the East, he has shown himself most sensitively aware of human quirks and idiosyncracies. To present these individual traits at work, affecting the development of a situation far wider and more important than themselves, has been the framework within which much of his best work has been done. Other

As for the government of India, of course it grew opium, but it didn't sell it to China. As for the merchants who bought it, how were they to blame if smugglers to whom they sold it were so misguided as to hawk it round the hidden creeks and water-ways of China? And the mandarins, who had to see that such things didn't happen—well, once their palms were liberally greased, they didn't see them happen, and so their consciences were clear.

The great firms like Jardine and Matheson knew all about it, of course. They not only imported the stuff but had a fleet that disposed of it. But what of that? They were but opening up China to the beneficent influence of

FOREIGN MUD. By Maurice Collis (Faber, 21s.)

LADY GREGORY'S JOURNALS: 1916-1930. Edited by Lennox Robinson (Putnam, 18s.)

LIFE WITHOUT THEORY. By Violet Stuart Wortley (Hutchinson, 18s.)

historians may dwell upon the majestic and irresistible ripples on the face of the water; to him, the prime interest is in the pebbles that cause the first stirrings. This gives him his keenest insight into what he calls "the perpetual smile that History wears." It is characteristic of his own way of approach that he is able to assure the reader that he "will not find this sifting to be tedious, so curious, droll and revealing is the story. When all has been said, there will be found little malice, little cause for moralising, but a great deal of humanity."

COMEDY OF CLOAKED MOTIVES

One might call the whole matter a comedy of cloaked motives. From beginning to end, the game was played out on the assumption that, if things were not called by their proper names, everything could be arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. But perhaps this is not putting it quite rightly, for the happy spirit of accommodation did not persist to the end. At the end were sailors who believed in a whiff of grape-shot, which is a rather realistic thing, and soldiers with cold steel.

But throughout most of its course the opium traffic to China was lost in a rosy mist of make-believe. The Chinese officials, to begin with, would not use the word opium. There was no such thing: there was only "foreign mud." Nor would they admit that the commercial community interned at Canton on the outer fringe of the Chinese Empire was the outpost of a tremendous and dangerous power. They were simple barbarians, to be humoured like greedy children, and, like them, occasionally chastened. As for China, it was, literally and in fact, "the Celestial Empire," and to speak of it merely as "your honourable country" was, as the Emperor once reminded the merchants, "not only deplorably disrespectful but . . . ludicrous in the extreme."

The Bible and the religious tract went hand in hand with the drowsy poppy; and so long as captains did not carry principle to excess, what arrangement could be more satisfactory? If Captain Crocker expressed "repugnance to receiving opium on the Sabbath," then "while we have every respect for persons entertaining strict religious principles," we had better find another captain.

Thus the turn-over of millions a year went on in a state of happy accommodation all round. The revenues of India benefited; Chinese officials waxed fat, and so did British merchants. What, against these undoubted benefits, was the miserable addiction to drugs of two per cent. of China's millions?

ARMED FORCE TO AID TRADE

Then there arose a Chinese official who determined to sweep the opium traffic out of China, and this drastic wind, blowing through the garden of content, forced the reality of the matter into the open. The reality was this. Though China permitted the Western peoples to trade with the Celestial Empire, the conditions imposed on the traders were so impossible that legal trade, robbery of its disreputable sister the illegal trade in opium, could not be profitable. Therefore this dilemma was at once apparent: either the Empire must be opened to general trade without absurd restriction, or the opium trade being killed, commercial dealings with China must cease. Once the question was posed thus, the great river of the industrial revolution, seeking an outlet for its overflow, forced the answer that was in fact made. And that answer, to put it in its stark simplicity, was: If China says she doesn't want our goods, our naval and military forces must make her change her mind.

This is the situation with which Mr. Collis deals in a book that

combines erudition with delight, and which shows how history's stark simplicities are always clothed with a web of human comedy and conflict.

TRIUMPH OF THE ABBEY THEATRE

Mr. Lennox Robinson has edited *Lady Gregory's Journals: 1916-1930* (Putnam, 18s.), and these, together with a life of Lady Gregory on which Mr. Robinson is working, will be valued by those who admire this remarkable woman.

Lady Gregory is best known for her work in connection with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin: both her work as a director of the theatre and her work as one of its dramatists. "Lady Gregory was—the Abbey Theatre," Mr. Robinson writes.

But she was more than this. She was the lady of Coole—"a spacious house, great gardens, and the 'Seven Woods' immortalised by Yeats, as he immortalised its lake and its wild swans." She was also a woman with a great gift of friendship, and she was a sensitive register of the nightmare years through which Ireland lived during the period of the journals.

Mr. Robinson has greatly abridged what Lady Gregory wrote, and he has arranged the matter mainly under the heads mentioned above. First there are all the pictures of Coole, of the diminishing revenue and the rising taxes, the ever-present fear that she would not be able to hand the place on to her grandson, her son having been killed as an airman during the 1914-18 war. And this fear, alas! was realised, though she managed to retain a life-tenancy of Coole.

SEAN O'CASEY

Then there is a section on the Abbey Theatre. How they had to work, and for what little pay! Never did such splendid ends more difficulty meet. But the tribulations were shot with triumphs. What a moment, for example, it must have been when an unknown young man named Sean O'Casey began to turn in plays! There are some memorable pictures of O'Casey. When *Junio* and the *Paycock* was playing at the Abbey, Lady Gregory asked him to tea. But he couldn't come because "I'm working with cement, and that takes such a long time to get off." "But after that?" "Then I have to cook my dinner. I have but one room, and I cook for myself since my mother died."

She worried over the theatre's accounts, and helped to choose its plays, and directed rehearsals, and would snatch a moment to feed herself. "Dinner at the Abbey Hotel, excellent bread and butter and cocoa, bill sixpence and no tip possible, the proprietor himself, I believe, serving it." How she had to save her pennies for beloved Coole!

The next section is on the terror and the Civil War, the time of the foot-steps sliding by in the night, the sudden shot, the neighbouring house going up in flames. So she saw go the house she had herself been born in.

The section on her friendships is notable for much information about Bernard Shaw, who told her he would no more go back to Ireland than Napoleon would go back to Corsica once he had conquered France. "I have conquered England."

"I sometimes think my life has been a series of enthusiasms" is the last sentence in the book. It is a just epitaph; and here you may see how innocent and healing her enthusiasms were.

Mrs. Violet Stuart Wortley's auto-

biography is called *Life Without Theory* (Hutchinson, 18s.). It goes a long way back, beginning with the author's recollection of seeing Napoleon III and Eugenie in exile in the Isle of Wight, and it comes right up to date, on the author's eightieth birthday, with a celebration in her home, Highcliffe Castle, to celebrate the end of the recent war.

Mrs. Wortley's husband was a soldier, many of her friends and relatives held diplomatic posts throughout Europe; she has entertained "crowned heads" and many other notable people, and she has travelled extensively.

To this experience of the upper crust of things she has brought a seeing eye and the power of putting down on paper what she has seen. It was a kind of life which could indeed easily be lived without theory, which is no reason why we should not admire and be thankful for the zest which Mrs. Stuart Wortley was able to bring to it. Whether she is describing Grecian ruins, or the condition of Russia soon after the end of the 1914-18 war, or the conversation of the Kaiser during a visit to Highcliffe, she manages to convey the authentic note. It is this sense of authenticity, of nothing being borrowed or secondhand, that gives the book its value.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

IT is thirty-three years since Sidney and Beatrice Webb compiled their compendious *Story of the King's Highway*, and, though since then many other books have appeared dealing with individual roads or particular aspects of transport, there has been nothing so satisfactory in the way of an historical survey. To-day a great programme of highway development and improvement is imminent and the subject has assumed a new and more compelling interest.

Mr. C. W. Scott-Giles, who is secretary of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers, has now produced an admirable literary and historical anthology *The Road Goes On* (Epworth Press, 15s.), which might well be considered a companion to the historical work of the two eminent Fabian historians. The sources drawn upon are enormously varied, the book is provided with many maps, itineraries and illustrations and, whether regarded as a source-book or as a collection of entertaining extracts for intelligent travellers, it may be considered a complete success. E. B.

WEST COUNTRY VILLAGE

MR. JOHN MOORE, having made an undoubted success with his most amusing and authentic study of life in a small West Country market town, has now transferred his attention to a neighbouring village. In *Brensham Village* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) he describes in detail the life of a community already touched upon in *Portrait of Elmsbury*. Like its predecessor the book has the hall-mark of being built—as the author says—upon a grand plan and framework of truth. Like Elmsbury, Brensham is true to life in a way which only much observation, a lively imagination and an accomplished pen can make it. The subjects chosen to display the idiosyncrasies of the villagers—the cricket team, the darts players, the bomb—are common property of half the villages of England, but none the less effective for that as a setting for characters so acutely observed and sympathetically portrayed. If it is not easy to make a choice between the interwoven narratives which combine to colour the village tapestry, one reader at least would give the palm for the episode of the Groupers. But where all is so good it is unnecessary to draw distinctions. R. J.



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FARMING NOTES

FARMERS AND THE BILL

A FRIEND who attended the Devizes meeting of farmers and farm-workers addressed by Mr. Tom Williams, the first of a series at which he is explaining the Government's agricultural policy, tells me that the Minister made a good impression. He does not attempt any flights of oratory and sticks closely to his script, but he speaks with such obvious sincerity that he disarms criticism. There was indeed at this Wiltshire meeting very little criticism. Questions were invited, but they had to be written, and there was nothing in the nature of heckling. Indeed Mr. Williams probably went away from Devizes feeling that the farming community is well pleased with the Government's Agriculture Bill. But my friend doubted whether many of the 500 people in the audience had really studied the Bill and its full implications. The branches of the N.F.U. are now calling their members together so that everyone can discuss how the Bill will affect agriculture generally and him in particular. I expect that the conclusions will vary a good deal from one county to another, depending mainly on the way in which the war-time agricultural executive committees have performed their functions. In some counties they have concentrated on giving advice and have not harried farmers. In other counties, where officials were allowed their heads, there has been unnecessary dictation, and farmers know what it means to be under the heel of officialdom. The Bill makes it possible to continue and even extend official controls, but no one would judge this from the mild words which Mr. Williams utters in its commendation.

Pruning Pear Trees

FRUIT-GROWERS owe much to the work of the East Malling Research Station near Maidstone in Kent, and the good work goes on. I have before me the station's annual report for 1945, a little late in publication but nevertheless up to date in that it brings fresh knowledge. I am not a commercial grower, but, like many other farmers, I have a small orchard adjoining the garden, and in it some useful apple and pear trees. I am interested in the advice given about the winter pruning of pears. The severe pruning of apples, so popular a generation ago, is not now considered the best practice. So far as pears are concerned the production of an ample supply of fruit buds has never been a difficulty, even when the trees are still young. The main trouble has been to induce the blossoms of certain varieties to set fruit. In the trial described by Mr. T. N. Hoblyn it was found that the lighter the trees were pruned, especially in the treatment of leaders, the more blossom they produced and the greater the yield of fruit.

"They made England"

I HAVE been reading with interest and pleasure *Farm History*, by Mr. Grant Uden (Methuen, 3s.). It is always fascinating to see how our forebears made the England we know. We should praise the pioneers when we see the rolling acres of a prosperous farm with its cluster of farm buildings, or, standing on a hill, we see the chequered pattern of field and hedge stretching as far as the eye can define. Not all the early farmers attempted to battle with the forest. Some contented themselves with the treeless slopes and tablelands of the hill ranges, particularly the southern chalk uplands. The Saxons seem to have been more willing to tackle the forests and the heavy

soils than were the early Britons, who preferred to make fields on the lighter soils and lower uplands. Air photographs, several of which adorn this book, show us clearly the layout of their field systems. This is an excellent book for Young Farmers' Clubs and indeed for all who want to trace British agriculture from the beginning until now.

Farm Words

MR. GRANT UDEN brings out a point new to me. When people are talking about live farm animals they almost always use an Anglo-Saxon word, but when the animals have been killed and dressed for the table it is a Norman-French word that is used. The Normans, as conquerors, used their own words for the good food served up in the dining-hall, whereas their Anglo-Saxon servants working on the farm kept their own native words for the stock they tended. Thus the Anglo-Saxon "ox" became the French "bœuf" (beef), "sheep" became "mouton" (mutton), "calf" became "veau" (veal) and "swine" became "porc" (pork). There is also a point about the distribution of the black and the red breeds of cattle. The black breeds derive their names from places in the north and west of Britain. The south and the east give names to the red breeds. The explanation for this is said to be that most of the cattle before the coming of the invaders were black. The Saxon landings were made on the south and east coasts and it is those parts that have given names to most of the red cattle. The earlier inhabitants retreated west and north before the invaders, taking their cattle with them, and our black cattle to-day are named after some of the regions where they presumably settled. What have Hereford breeders to say about this?

Horse Labour

MR. JAMES WYLLIE, of Wye College, Kent, tells us in Report No. 38 (price 2s. from the College Department of Economics) that the total cost per horse per annum has, according to the latest calculations on the College farm, risen to £53 18s. 10d. This is just over £1 a week and puts the cost of horse work per hour at 10½d. Nowadays the working week is shorter than before the war and this affects the cost of horse labour as well as manual labour. Compared with this 10½d. for horse labour the average cost of running a Fordson tractor was 2s. 5½d. an hour. This is only 4½d. an hour more than in 1939. Some of the expenses have gone up, but probably most tractors are now worked for more hours in the year.

Potash Fertilisers

WHY is it that the fertiliser manufacturers are falling behind again this season in the delivery of compounds containing potash? It was understandable that some delay should occur in the war years when ships were being sunk, but, so far as my experience goes, it is more difficult to get fertiliser containing potash now than it was in 1945 or 1944. This is a serious matter because, to get the best advantage out of phosphates and potash, these fertilisers need to be used in granular compound form through a combine seed drill which puts the fertiliser close to the seed grain and gives the crop a flying start. It is all very well for Government Departments to say that farmers can use other fertilisers for early spring sowing and then make good the lack of potash by applying this separately afterwards. The results are not as good. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

£250,000 AUCTION OF FARMS

HUNDREDS of enquiries were received for details of that historic and extensive estate, Beaumanor Park, Leicestershire, before Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. submitted it to auction in lots at Loughborough. The vendor is Lieut.-Col. Assheton Penn Curzon-Howe-Herrick. Apart from private sales, about £250,000 was realised, mainly from the sale of farms. Mansion and park were, together, one of the two parts left for future negotiation. The auction ranks as one of the chief events of its kind in 1946.

SESGEWICK PARK GARDENS

THE house at Sedgewick Park, an estate of 1,525 acres, near Horsa, Sussex, which the executors of Mr. W. H. Abbey have requested Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. King and Chasemore to offer by auction, in lots, at an early date, is late Victorian, and though spacious and comfortable, and beautiful both inside and out, takes second place to the gardens, the magnificence of which was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of June 5 and 12, 1942.

About 55 years ago the then owner, Mrs. Henderson, set herself to create a pleasure worthy of the site, on a hill overlooking a vast expanse of richly timbered country southwards to the ridge of the downs, with a distant glimpse of the English Channel. It has been called "a panorama of lawns and flowers, water and trees, woodland and down, framed by noble pines." A remarkable feature of the grounds is the water garden, about half of which is flanked by yews trimmed to resemble butresses of massive size.

LONG AND AUTHENTICATED RECORD

THE Sauvage family, recorded as owners of the land in the year 1205, were followed in 1249 by John Mansel, who combined important ecclesiastical and military offices as the trusted friend and adviser of Henry III. He was allowed to "strengthen" Sedgewick, and evidence of the "strengthening" remains in two concentric moats, which, with the relics of a hexagonal keep and curtain walls, lie hidden in a wood a mile to the west of the present residence.

On Mansel's death, in 1265, Sedgewick reverted to the Sauvage family for a few years. In 1272 De Braose became the owner, and he merged the manor in the barony of Bramber. For nearly 200 years, from 1395 the property was held by the Howards, who lost it on the attainder and execution of the Duke of Norfolk for his part in aiding Mary Queen of Scots. In 1602 Sir John Caryll, having obtained a 60 years' lease from the Crown, decided that the castle was too dilapidated to serve as a residence, and moved to a higher site, practically that of part of the present house. Sir John Bennet bought Sedgewick in 1705, and a later purchaser was the Duke of Richmond, who sold it in 1750; and so it became an inheritance of the family of Nelthorpe. In their time the castle shared the common fate of old buildings—gradual demolition for the sake of the stone, which went to improve local roads.

THE HENDERSON OWNERSHIP

MR. HENDERSON put a stop to this vandalism when he bought the estate in 1862, and he also restored the name Sedgewick Park to the property in substitution for Nuthurst Lodge, which it had borne for nearly 80 years. The present house, incorporating some 18th-century work, was erected in or about the year 1880, and,

though its designer, like most architects, gave no thought to placing his name on record, it is said to "show the influence of the 'vernacular revival' of Norman Shaw and Ernest George." Local materials were mainly used in its construction. Mr. W. H. Abbey bought the property from Mrs. Henderson's executors in 1931, and had many of the rooms redecored, before installing a collection of pictures of the English School, including examples of Gainsborough and Richard Wilson.

SALE OF COLLEGE ESTATES

THE governing body of Trinity College, Cambridge, have sold their Stapleford estate, and parts of the Langford and Carlton-le-Moorland estates in Leicestershire. The 2,162 acres include nine large farms, some smallholdings and other freeholds, having a total rental value of £1,850 a year. The purchaser, a client of Mr. P. E. Tyhurst, has bought the properties as an investment.

Major J. Peto has purchased Bolham House, an 18th-century residence near Tiverton, Devon. His agents were Messrs. Curtis and Henson, who have, on his behalf, sold Greenhill Brow, Farnham, Surrey, to Mrs. Furness, for whom they have sold Great Amwell House, near Ware, Hertfordshire, a genuine Adam example.

Mr. Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A., supervised the restoration of Church Gate House, Westcott, Dorking, Surrey. It overlooks a notable rookery, and stands in beautiful gardens. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have just negotiated the sale of the property. They have sold also The Wincel, in Ashdown Forest, Sussex, near the Royal Ashdown Forest golf course. The house contains a minstrels' gallery.

£123,000 CITY SALES

A TOTAL of over £123,000 was obtained by Mr. W. Wallace Withers (Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks) at an auction of City premises. The freehold No. 10, Coleman Street, of a rental value of about £3,736 a year, has a net floor space of 11,500 feet, and realised £73,750. Premises in Norwich Street, Fetter Lane, for £26,250, and Fenchurch Street, for £23,100, were the other lots. Two of them have suffered war damage. The enquiry for City premises was never keener than at present, for the prospect of any adequate re-building seems to become more and more remote.

VALUE OF HOUSE PROPERTY

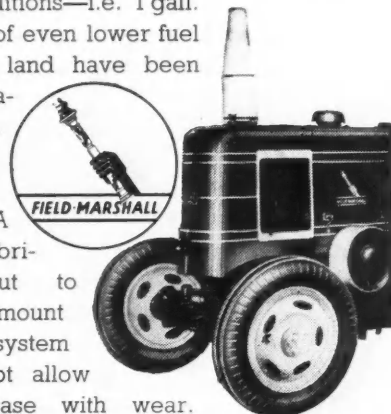
GIVEN that private enterprise in providing town and country houses is again granted a free hand, and that inflation is checked by a general economic improvement, the reason for the prevalent high prices of such property will lose its force. In the meanwhile (and it may be a long while) the excessive prices at present asked for and paid for property are becoming something like a new normal basis, and buyers who really want houses have no alternative but to pay those prices, though they may expect that eventually market values will show a considerable decline. One limiting element is foreseeable—the total expense of occupying property, that is to say the impact of rates and taxes, plus the interest on capital, upon the available resources of occupiers. There is a limit to what people can afford for accommodation, and that must eventually govern what they will pay for it, and consequently every aspect of market values. ARBITER.

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How to make the best use of Electricity this Winter

Now that we all realise that there's a very real danger of Electricity cuts throughout this winter, it is essential for everyone to know how to manage with the minimum of inconvenience and discomfort.

This is the problem . . .

The problem is a very straightforward one. There is not enough Electricity-producing machinery to meet every demand, all the time. Why? Because for six years no extensions or additions to the Power Stations were allowed unless directly needed for helping Victory; none were allowed for the anticipated higher post-war demands. A vast power plant project, costing over £200,000,000, is now in hand, but this will take time. Meantime, the war-tired plant must not be over-strained: if too many people are using Electricity simultaneously, the Electricity engineers must switch off for a while.


... and THIS is the solution

Don't over-burden the willing horse. Electricity will go on giving you the same faithful service if you'll do your part. The heaviest burden comes in the PEAK PERIODS, and if everyone will honestly plan to lighten the load in these periods, the danger point may not be reached. At present the PEAK PERIODS are from 8 a.m. until noon, and from 4 until 6 p.m., for five days a week—Monday to Friday. If everyone will transfer

some Electrical load to OFF-peak periods, we may avoid some of the cuts. Here's how you can help relieve the strain. Just adjust your daily routine so that OFF-peak periods are always the Electricity-using times, and peak periods are the helping times. It may perhaps mean inconvenience to you; nobody likes having their carefully-arranged daily programme upset. But it's truly worth it. It is a fact that your Power Station, just now, is relying upon the help that you can give.

No strain means no cuts

If you do get cuts you'll know that some people aren't helping. But cuts may well be avoided if everyone helps!

USE  ELECTRICITY AT OFF-PEAK PERIODS AND HELP TO AVOID CUTS

Issued by the British Electrical Development Association



Givans make gingham aprons with a heart pocket, and the child's name embroidered on the chest



Sue, in a spring swagger coat from Givans, in scarlet blazer flannel bound at the edges



Her pinafore frock from Jaeger in navy blue wool has a full peasant skirt and is worn with a pale blue wool shirt

A Nursery Tale



Lady Caroline Child-Villiers and her step-sister and step-brother, Sarah and James Wilson, went to a fancy dress party as a sunflower, a wild rose and a coster. Costumes designed by Bianca Mosca



Frances wears a striped cotton frock, navy and white, with a neat band of smocking at the waist. Liberty

CLOTHES for the children are becoming gayer and even more important, more plentiful. There is more variety, more colour; tried old friends such as camel cloth and fine woollen sweaters are back again in circulation, and coats for spring bear the same famous name tabs as those of the grown-ups, for many specialists in women's clothes are starting work-rooms for the children as well. Coats, indeed, everywhere are outstanding in design and material.

The streamlined tailored coat, made famous by the Princesses in their childhood, is still first in popularity, but straight coats in tough smooth woollens or in dog-tooth checked tweeds look like being great favourites as well. Some have a loose half-belt at the back, others have the backs left absolutely straight, raglan sleeves and pockets set low. Hunting pink and pillar-box red lead coat colours with a lot of camel, and

(Continued on page 202)

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the shops look full of coats, though many firms still undertake only the "made-to-measure" and take three months to execute. Jaeger have their camel hair and wool coats and leggings to match once more, beautifully warm, light and hard-wearing. Fortnum and Mason show an oatmeal fleecy woollen with dark brown velvet stitched collar, the pocket flaps lined with the brown velvet which shows as a piping and a flat round tam in velvet—very smart on a small person. Whipcord and Bedford cord appear in the big wholesale collections for the straight coats designed for next spring. Streamlined checked tweeds have a half-belt holding deep pleats to give a swing to the skirt. Tweeds for boys need to look man-tailored. Caps and shorts match; for later on they are made in flannel or worsted, but these materials are scarce now that the men are back in civilian clothes.

THE shops overflow with sweaters, skirts, pinafore dresses and kilts again. Gay plaid skirts, kilted all round, have Fair Isle sweaters in the natural wool with a band of the pattern at neck, bottom and wrists repeating the colours in the plaid. Grey flannel skirts, gored to swing out, are attached to shoulder straps or apron fronts, with candy pink or white or azure blue and white cotton shirts for warm days and sweaters for cold. The blouses often have a narrow frill underlining cuffs and turndown collar; the fine woollen sweaters are smartest as Fortnum and Mason show them with high necklines neatly bound and hugging the throat and buttoning over on the left shoulder seam. Boys' pullovers at Jaeger have long sleeves and a high round neck, or are sleeveless with a V neck. They come in navy, dark red, grey and light shades. Hand-knitted woollen twin sets in cable-stitch, perfect for the country, are in several shades, mustard, green, blue. Jaeger gather their full-skirted pinafore dresses peasant fashion, especially for plump little girls. They are wool georgette with blouses in still finer wool contrasting in colour. Shirt frocks are made exactly like a grown-up's.



One of the new tufted woollens, Ladybird, that is woven to look like a candlewick bedspread, incredibly light and warm for a dressing-gown by Pasold

notes, are being imported for dresses again. Scarlet and royal blue slippers and laced shoes seem a nursery fashion note. Coal-scuttle bonnets in thick cream cloth match pram coats and are another fashion revived from the early part of this century. For boys there are corduroys, corduroy shorts and wind-jackets, corduroy dungarees.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

For January...



Mr. Quill on "Good Resolutions"
(Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone)

"Hammond of England"
New Poem by Edmund Blunden

"The Conquest of Disease"
Important Survey of Medical
Progress by Dr. Charles Hill,
Secretary B.M.A.

Picture-Map of Westminster

"What should be the Standard Rate
of Income-Tax?"

Questions answered by Experts

"City of Men"—Maurice Tabard,
well-known French photographer,
pictures shops of St. James's

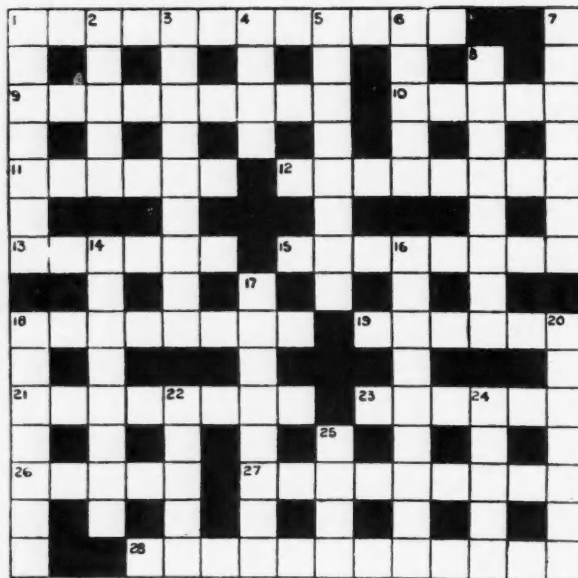
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STRAND
Magazine 1/3

CROSSWORD No. 886

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 886, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, January 23, 1947.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address

SOLUTION TO No. 885. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 10, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Grub Street; 6, Stud; 9, Shower-bath; 10, Urdu; 12, Agile; 13, Firmament; 14, Tries; 16, Cotton; 20 and 21, Pumice-stone; 25, Andromeda; 26, Panda; 27, Exit; 28, Contradict; 29, Tags; 30, Precedence.
DOWN.—1, Gas-bag; 2, Utopia; 3, Sieve; 4, Rebuffed; 5, Entire; 7, Torrents; 8 and 24, Doubting Castle; 11, Lagoon; 15, Rector; 17, Apparent; 18, Smudging; 19, Atlantic; 22, Devoir; 23, Indian; 26, Plaid.

ACROSS

1. Rather sticky for spreading on scones (6, 6)
9. The wits of a keen young blade (9)
10. An open character? Just the reverse (5)
11. Such is true affection (6)
12. The dry-cleaner's invitation? (8)
13. Inhuman conqueror? (6)
15. They are, presumably, on a different footing from 4 down (8)
18. Essence of a beauty parlour (8)
19. Just a puff to break the bar (6)
21. Ladies get confused when they follow Father (8)
23. Only half the tool for the movement (6)
26. Light-giving animal, by the sound of it (5)
27. Pace limit (anagr.) (9)
28. January play (7, 5)

DOWN

1. The ideal supporter (4, 3)
2. To be eaten or drunk (5)
3. And please make it level! (9)
4. See 15 (4)
5. Stubborn (8)
6. Suits or for suits (5)
7. They seem to take ages before the end is reached (7)
8. The boat I man gets upset in Canada (8)
14. "Love's not Time's fool, though ——— and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come." —Shakespeare (4, 4)
16. A dreadful end to transform pride into (9)
17. It belonged to the days of sail (8)
18. Evidently a splendid place (7)
20. Gives the sign of victory among troubled hearts (7)
22. "—— on her roses, roses, And never a spray of yew." —M. Arnold (5)
24. Most of the noise is made by an archbishop (5)
25. Tips up in disgust (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 885 is

Major Rawnsley, M.C.,
Well Vale,
Alford,
Lincolnshire.

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